

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE SIGN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ION.

"Sighing like a furnace to his mistress' eyebrows,"  
—Shakespeare.

From the valley across the hill,  
As vast the sphynx lay,  
There floats above the meadows still  
The forge's constant sigh.

Oh, ever thus it is with life:  
As sluggish years roll by,  
There floats from out the bosom's strife  
A mournful, constant sigh!

Within the forge there burns a fire,  
And in our hearts the same;  
To stop the sigh as you desire  
There needs to quench the flame.

But quench the flame, you quench the life,  
And deadened is the coal;  
And stop the passion's ceaseless strife,  
You quench the burning soul.

And whilst the fires of life do burn,  
Man's lot is one of care;  
For to what breast so e'er we turn  
A sigh is cradled there.

## A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP

### CHAPTER IV.

The next morning Mrs. Cunningham came for a sitting. She did not again allude to the story which she had related on the previous day. This I regretted, as my own mind was full of the subject, and I was eagerly anxious to obtain further information respecting it. I proceeded with the likeness mechanically, my thought being but little bent upon my work; and I was not sorry when, at two o'clock, the sitting came to an end.

I now decided to go immediately into the city, and consult my solicitor on the matter that was so seriously disturbing my mind. I felt that it would be a relief to me to acquaint him with all I had discovered, and to take his opinion as to how I had better act. On my way to his office, I found myself passing Somerset House, and, yielding to a momentary impulse, I entered the Register Office for the purpose of ascertaining whether the information given me respecting old Greerson's marriage had been correct.

As I knew the date of the marriage approximately, my search was not a long one. The indices soon revealed the name of Nathaniel Greerson, and I was now referred to the marriage returns themselves, that I might discover if the entry thus indicated were the one I required.

Upon examination, I felt satisfied that it was so. The bridegroom was described as a merchant, his residence stated to be No. —, Queen Square, and his age entered at seventy years. The bride's years were given—(she had been but seventeen at the time of the marriage), and her name was entered as Lucy Rose, her father's being given as William Truett Rose.

On referring to neighboring entries, I observed that it was not usual to enter the ages precisely. "Of full age," or "minor," were the words which ordinarily filled in the age column. I concluded that the extraordinary difference between the years of the bride and bridegroom had, in the case now under my notice, induced the clergyman to insert the exact figures.

To my surprise, my lawyer appeared to think little of the data upon which my suspicions were founded, while he could not conceal his amusement at my midnight adventure. He advised me to set my mind at rest, and to say no more to any one on the subject which I had referred to him. If, indeed, Mr. Duncombe were guilty, he contended, clearer evidence than any I could adduce would be needed to prove him so; while, even if my feeling were simply that what I had learned was sufficient to warrant the institution of inquiries, he would still recommend me to be silent for the present. These arguments silenced but did not satisfy me; however, as I had considerable faith in the opinion of my legal friend, I resolved to act upon them.

I dined at Pimlico that evening, reaching Wilhelmina Street, however, at the early hour of eleven. As I went into the hall I observed Miss Coles just lighting her candle, preparatory to going to her room for the night. Perhaps an extra glass or two of wine had raised the temperature of my affections above its average. Certain it is, that as the graceful creature floated up stairs in her light, fairy-like dress, turning towards me as she did so with a bow and a smile, I felt more deeply sensible of her charms than I had done before. I was determined, indeed, not to let her go without exchanging a word or two with her; and, fortunately, an idea struck me at the instant, which rendered a brief conversation possible.

"Miss Coles," I said, softly, just as the fair little spirit had reached the top of the first flight of stairs, "may I take the liberty of detaining you for half a minute?"

"Certainly," she replied, in a tone which did not seem to betoken displeasure.

I walked up to within a stair or two of her, and then said, in an undertone—  
"I have a favor to ask of you. I trust I shall not offend you by asking it?"

"I will undertake to promise so much," she answered, blushing.

"You are aware I am a painter?"

She inclined her head.

"I should esteem it the greatest kindness if you would oblige me with a couple of sittings in my studio."

Miss Coles's face at once assumed a look of great perplexity.

"I am much engaged," she interrupted.

"I would not trespass long," I resumed, "upon your time."

I was speaking now with agitation that must have been apparent.

"I will think of it," Miss Coles said, after a few moments' hesitation, "and let you know in the morning;" and then the black stairs swallowed up my fairy, and I was left to my reflections.

"I am in love with that girl," I said to myself, as I went to my room; and the dreams which visited me afterwards certainly tended to confirm the notion.

I was hardly awake next morning, when the page entered my room with hot water and a message.

Miss Coles would be at my service at twelve o'clock to-day for an hour and half.

It will hardly be believed with what delight and yet what agitation, I received this communication. I had not for a moment expected that my request would be complied with. Feeling must surely have operated to counteract Miss Coles's reserve, and to bring about this ready assent to my wish. I grew hopeful.

Immediately after breakfast, I hastened to my studio, to prepare for the reception of my lovely model. In doing so, I upset a jar of oil, and trod to destruction a tube of brown madder.

At twelve o'clock precisely, there came a knock at the door. A minute or two more, and Miss Coles was enthroned opposite me, and I had begun her portrait.

To my grief and perplexity, she was even more reserved than ever. There was no breaking the ice. Again and again I tried, but only to fall on each occasion more signally than before. At last I relinquished the attempt, and proceeded with my work in silence.

With the likeness I succeeded. The painter who admires a face is generally able to portray it. I hit off the features and expression to-day with more than average happiness. The tender gray eyes; the straight, calm eyebrows; the delicate refractive nose; the full and rosy lips; the gentle, sweet sadness that pervaded the whole face—I had noted repeatedly, and now found myself well able to represent.

After a while I observed an uneasy movement on the part of my model. She intimated to me that the scent of the colors had affected her, and that she felt faint. I had scarcely had time to realize what she said, when she absolutely fainted away. I sprang forward to save her from falling. The suddenness of my movement rendered it an awkward one. My hand caught in a slender chain which encircled the lady's throat, and suddenly dragged from her bosom a large-sized and old-fashioned locket, the snap of the chain giving way with the violence of the jerk, and the locket falling open on the ground.

For a few minutes I was too much engaged in the attempt to recover Miss Coles herself to think about the fate of the trinket; but as soon as she began to come round a little, I stooped to pick it up. I examined it to ascertain the extent of the damage it had sustained.

But as I did so, my eyes fell upon words which electrified me. Within the golden case were two locks of silken baby-hair. Across one of them, worked in golden thread, was the name "Ada;" across the other "Lucy;" and on the inside of the cover was this inscription, engraved in plain large characters:

"Ada and Lucy, twin daughters of William Truett and Ada Rose, born 9th April, 1844."

Of course my mind instantly reverted to the marriage register which I had read yesterday. From that moment "Miss Coles's" history was clear to me; and thus I arrived at my conclusions:—the locket had been a mother's relic of the babyhood of two loved daughters. The mother—one sister, were gone; the other sister treasured up the relic still. And as I knew that "Lucy"—who had been forced into a marriage with old Greerson—was the survivor of her sister, my inference was that the lady before me, the silent, shy, sensitive lady, respecting whom the doctor had told me quite a different story, was herself none other than that identical "Lucy."

I was right.

She was too unwell to observe the opportunity I had had for making the discovery; and although I determined to let her know I had made it, I had enough to do now to bring her out of her fainting fit. With fingers trembling with agitation, and, as the mirror informed me, with face pale as that of my patient, I poured her out some wine which I kept by me for the refreshment of my sitters, while I bathed her temples with eau-de-cologne.

These restoratives had the desired effect. "Miss Coles" smiled, rose, and apologized.

"When I saw that she had really recovered, I said:



THE MEETING ON THE STAIRS.

"Will you kindly sit down once more? I have something particular to say to you."

She sat down, looking at me, however, with a wondering and frightened gaze. I also seated myself. I did not know how to begin—I hesitated, and grew confused. At the moment I felt like a rook which has left the rookery in a terrible gale of wind. I could not think what was to be the end of my adventure.

"My dear lady," I began, with faltering voice, "when I asked you to come into this room, I had no notion of speaking to you as I am now about to speak. I asked you merely because I was desirous to paint your portrait."

"And you have done so," said "Miss Coles," quickly. "I will leave now, if you please."

She rose again as she spoke, and turned deadly pale.

"Stay!" I said. "What I have to tell you is important—important to yourself as well as to me. Let me beg you to listen; I will be as brief as possible."

Once more she resumed her seat. Her face, white and eager, was watching mine, as it were, with every feature.

"Miss Coles," I said, "you have wonderfully excited my interest and affection."

She instantly covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Say no more!" she sobbed. "For Heaven's sake, say no more. You don't know what you talk of. There is an insuperable difficulty in the way. It is impossible I can ever think of you. Let me go—it will kill me if I stay."

This language, while it pained me, also gave me encouragement.

"The important part of what I have to say," I continued, gently detaining the sobbing girl as I spoke, "or at least the part that you will most immediately recognize as important—remains untold."

She checked her tears, and gazed at me again. "Dear lady," I went on, "the difficulty you allude to no longer exists. The man who called himself your husband is no more. By a strange series of coincidences, I have learned the facts of your relationship to Mr. Greerson—and of Mr. Greerson's death. You are at liberty to reciprocate my affection if you will."

She stood up, flushed, staring, excited. "How do you know?" she exclaimed. "Who told you my name? Who dared to talk of my connection with that man? Dead! you say? Let me hear more. I cannot believe all this."

I begged her to calm herself, and then, as succinctly as I was able, related to her the facts which the last two or three days had unfolded to me, suppressing, however, my suspicions with regard to the doctor.

When I was silent she again wept, but now in a manner less agonized than before.

Poor, friendless, injured child! It never occurred to me to blame her for what she had done, although others, I afterwards discovered, thought her blameworthy. I admired, on the contrary, the bold independence of spirit that had nerve her to escape from the thralldom of the hateful marriage to which she had been so cruelly urged. I honored her for the scrupulous modesty which had rendered her so unapproachable during the time when her true position was unknown to most of those about her.

We talked for some time. I scarcely know what I said. But I am certain that I left Lucy no room to doubt what were my feelings towards herself; and I am equally sure that every word she uttered added to my conviction of her goodness and truth, and solid worth. We talked, say half an hour. Then she left me with this injunction:

"Say nothing to any one here."

I had not expected any answer to my own declaration of attachment. I saw and appreciated the good taste which for the present refused to entertain the question; and cordially acquiesced, although I had not said so. Poor Lucy had had enough to agitate her for now. I determined not to add to her agitation if I could help it.

### CHAPTER V.

Two days passed. I did not see "Miss Coles," (or, as I had now learned mentally to call her—Lucy.) I fostered in my mind very considerable allowance for her delicate and trying position; but still I was deeply anxious to hear from her lips some word of encouragement. I trembled for my fate as I waited on. Inquiries I made perpetually; of the servants, of Mrs. Duncombe, even of the doctor—notwithstanding my shrinking from him. But the answer to my eager queries was always the same. Miss Coles was unwell, and unable to leave her room. I strove to occupy myself incessantly. I employed all my odd half-hours. But to banish Lucy from my memory was beyond my power; and commingled with my anxious thoughts of her, were others respecting the doctor and his deceptions, which sometimes well nigh overwhelmed me with apprehension.

On the third day after my interview with Lucy in the studio, I observed as I came home to dinner, a heavily laden cab waiting at the door of No. 6. It was a wild and stormy afternoon, such as to depress one's spirits, even if one's circumstances were otherwise cheerful. A painful suspicion seized me, that Lucy was leaving.

As I entered, this suspicion was realized. She was coming out at the moment. She seemed distressed at seeing me; I could not, however, clearly trace her features, for they were partially hidden by a veil. I had not the opportunity to address to her a word of remembrance, for the servants were standing about, and Mrs. Duncombe herself was looking on. Lucy quickly got into her cab, and vanished.

How can I describe the access which I now felt? It is impossible to do so. For some time my grief was almost insupportable. I threw myself upon a sofa in my studio, and lamented the luckless day, and the mistaken recommendation which had brought me to Wilhelmina Street. After a while, however, I remembered that I should shortly be expected at the dinner-table, and hastened to dress myself.

And now I discovered that a note was lying upon my dressing-table. I knew the writing, and broke the seal immediately.

Within the envelope there was no letter. There was simply an address written clearly upon a sheet of note paper, and underneath it—were these words:—

"If, at the end of a year from this time, you wish to put any question to me, you may find me at the above address. In the meantime I cannot consent to hold any communication with you."  
LUCY.

A year—a long twelve months! Well, even that was better than I feared. And yet an Autumn, a Christmas, a slow-growing Spring between Lucy and me! It was terrible. Ages seemed enfolding in those fifty-two weeks. Still I argued, I have a definite something to look forward to. May I not, after all, detect in this brief message something like encouragement? If she desired to discuss me, if she found it impossible to reciprocate my affection, would she write as she does? No. She wishes to try whether or not my love is real, and at the same time to interpose between the death of her husband and our engagement a suitable period of time.

This view of the subject acted upon my moral nature as a tonic or cold bath does upon one's physical frame. It braced and strengthened my mind. I suppressed all evidence of emotion, and went down to the dining-room.

It was long past the hour for dinner, but as Mrs. Duncombe informed me, her husband had not come in. We waited on silently, listening to the wild dash of the rain against the windows.

I sat thinking how in my garden at home the tender opening leaves were suffering laceration; how the petals of the apple blossom were being strewn like summer snow.

Mrs. Duncombe was evidently uneasy. I did not know what to talk about to relieve the embarrassment of the occasion. At length, referring to the subject uppermost in my mind, I remarked:

"So Miss Coles has left you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Duncombe, in a tone quite sorrowful, "and I cannot conceive on what account, for I always, at Mr. Duncombe's particular desire, refrained from asking any questions as to her private affairs. I suppose some unexpected occurrence, unconnected with us, has decided her to make this sudden move. But I am much grieved. Although I never got on anything like intimate terms with her, yet I have always found her a most agreeable, kind, and lady-like companion. I have not," added poor Mrs. Duncombe, while the tears came into her eyes—"I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose her."

I felt guilty. It was I who had driven Lucy away.

We waited on for a full hour more. Still no Doctor came. The assistant and apprentice were questioned, but they knew nothing. At last it was thought best that we should proceed with dinner, and we did so in perfect silence.

By this time I had begun to suspect the real state of the case. I saw in the Doctor's absence merely the consummation of the story which I had gradually learnt. In my own mind I made out the history thus. Mr. Duncombe had probably learnt that suspicion with regard to him was aroused. He had seen that the tables were turning against him, and had fled before surmise could take the form of inquiry.

All that evening Mrs. Duncombe looked for her husband's return in vain. Next day whispers reached her of the truth. Her agony is not to be described—and how was it possible for me to console her?

A few days more, and the story of the poisoning in Queen Square was known and talked of all over London. A clearly connected chain of facts, quite independent of those I had become acquainted with, joined the guilty man to his crime. I remained on at Wilhelmina Street, making it my endeavor, so far as I was able, to soothe the poor heart-broken wife, who, in addition to her greater trouble, was now doomed to discover daily new pecuniary entanglements of her husband's. All assistance that I could render the poor woman I gladly afforded her; but it was little indeed that I could do to help her.

I now came to be deeply thankful to my lawyer for having hindered me from taking any steps in the sad matter, which had at length become clear without my evidence. I must say I fully expected my name to be mixed up in the story. But inquiry did not need my assistance, and I







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We give our readers an extract from a letter received from Mr. Bloor, the Assistant Secretary of the Commission at Washington. We can from personal knowledge commend blackberry brandy as being altogether the best preparation of the blackberry for medicinal purposes. Of course it is desirable that it should be made with fourth proof brandy, but as this is very expensive, a most excellent substitute can be found in good Monongahela whiskey. Inferior brandy should never be used, as it is often adulterated with unwholesome drugs, the effect of which might prove pernicious to the patient.

"After many talks with those who know," in relation to the best preparation of blackberry brandy for the army, I give you the result. The dried berry is the least troublesome and most economical in preparation, and not liable to destruction in transportation; but it requires great care and skill in cooking to make a wholesome and palatable stew or preserve; and the stewards and cooks in the hospitals either will not cook it at all, saying they do not know how, or they make such an unpalatable mess of it that it is objectionable to the patients. Blackberry syrup is agreeable to the taste, and wholesome in its qualities; but in regard to its capacity for transportation, it is of course open to the objection that exists against any liquid, viz., that it is very liable to breakage, leakage and waste. The same objection exists to blackberry brandy, which is, moreover, expensive, if the spirit added to it is of the superior and costly kind it ought to be; but if it were not for these drawbacks I should say that the last is the most desirable form of the three. I suppose however that there are a great many persons who would make and donate the syrup, who would not the brandy, on account of the additional expense of the latter; and that there are also some who would prefer not to make the latter on account of their temperance principles. If well cooked, I find that the small stone bottles (a pint I believe they hold) are not at all apt to be broken. I mean the kind that is used for soda water, ginger beer, &c.

We add two recipes for making medicinal preparations from the blackberry:

## BLACKBERRY BRANDY.

To one quart of strained blackberry juice add one pound of white sugar, one teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre, and one teaspoonful of ground cloves. Boil for a few minutes, then remove it from the fire, and add half a pint of brandy or good whiskey. Bottle and cork it close. It is fit for immediate use.

## EXTRACT OF BLACKBERRY.

Take a quart bottle, half fill it with fresh ripe blackberries; add one teaspoonful of whole allspice, and a few cloves. Fill up the bottle with the best whiskey. At the expiration of a month this will be found a strong extract of blackberry. It should be mixed, in using, with a little sugar and water.

We hope our contributors will take advantage of the season to prepare as much of the blackberry as possible for the use of our sick soldiers. It is in very great demand in all the military hospitals, and we feel sure that our patriotic women will listen to the call, and see that the want is fully supplied. We are depending upon our auxiliaries for large supplies of dried fruits and pickles during this most abundant season, and past experience teaches us we shall not look in vain.

The want of home-work was never greater than now, for there have never been before so large numbers of wounded men; and this summer's campaign must fearfully increase the roll. It is the time for work and for sacrifice. We know that the friends of our brave soldiers will give their hearts and hands fully and earnestly to the summer's work in their behalf.

## DONATIONS.

MONDAY, July 6, 1904.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies, since the last report:

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Miss Clapp, 1 pkg.; Miss Melgo, 1900 Walnut st., 1 pkg.; Albert Cline, Lockhaven, Clinton co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Montross, Bucks county co., 1 box; E. C. Blackman, Sec'y, 1 box; No. 10, Soldiers' Aid, Tiooga co., 1 box; E. A. Adams, Sec'y, 1 box; Central Fair, 7 boxes, 5 bbls.; Germantown Field Hospital Association, Miss H. A. Bell, Sec'y, 1 box; Aid Society, Wilkes-Barre, Tiooga co., Miss Martha F. Emery, Sec'y, 1 box; No. 10, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, 1 box; Mrs. Charlotte S. Lewis, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Russell Hill, Lycoming co., Miss C. Provost, Sec'y, 1 box; A. F. Wheeler, 500 Crown st., 1 pkg.; Mrs. Schultz, Norristown, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Theobald, Portville, 1 pkg.; 1st Presbyterian ch., Mrs. Wm. Furman, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Locust st. Girls' Grammar School, 1 pkg.; School, Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; church of the Holy Trinity, Mrs. Wm. Beckwith, 1 pkg.; Industrial Branch, Sec. Com., Miss Mary C. Roberts, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Henry Fork, Tiooga co., Mrs. J. H. Palmer, Sec'y, 1 box; Central Aid, Chester co., R. Paxson, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Muncy, Lycoming co., Mrs. B. H. Johnson, Sec'y, 1 box.

**ICE A LIFE PROLONGER.**—The problem of suspending life by freezing seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been brought from Lake Champlain frozen perfectly solid, and, on being put into a tub of water, have come to life "as lively as ever." A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Switzerland who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice-houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

The personal income tax is now 5 per cent. for over \$500 and under \$5,000; 7½ per cent. for over \$5,000 and under \$10,000; and 10 per cent. for all over \$10,000.

Ten cents per day has been added to the pay of our soldiers, making their pay now fifty-three and a half cents per day.

## Typographical Errors.

Let me begin with the worst circumstance that first interested me in error of the press. I was a student at the time. I had written a short paper on British rule in India: it was one of the first things I had ever prepared for the press, and of course I was very careful and solicitous. I had burned much midnight oil over it, altering expressions, touching up the sentences here and there, and taking great pains to make them read euphonically. With the concluding sentence I had taken particular pains, and prided myself much on its majestic Georgian swell. It was a long sentence; I need not give the whole of it (though I have it here in my scrap-book), but it ended thus:—"when that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilization, and the nursery of arts." The morning came round on which the journal was published to which my paper had been sent. I was too anxious to wait for the post. I went out before breakfast, brought a copy in the next street, ascertained that my paper was in it, and hurried back to my lodgings. Eagerly I turned to the place—please remember, it was one of my first productions—and read it proudly, line by line, from the first to the last. The last! Oh, kind reader, put yourself in my circumstances, and imagine the frightful shock your feelings would have sustained on seeing—as I then saw—that the letters *a* and *r* in the last word of that magnificent closing sentence had been transposed! The clause I have already quoted stood thus—"when that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilization, and the nursery of *arts*." Retal! My feelings at the moment—well, they are over now. I cherish no resentment. I can even hope now that Heaven may avert the doom which, at that moment of bitter mortification and rage, I invoked upon the paper, the editor, the compositor, the printer, the publisher, the establishment that had brought my sublime production to this climax of absurdity.

But ever since then I have felt a painful interest in typographical errors that affect the meaning—as that one did; and having jotted down a number of them in the course of my reading, it strikes me that a few specimens might be worth putting together. I remember being much amused by one that occurred in the *Times*, about seven years ago. In its Parliamentary report of Disraeli's famous speech upon the cause of the rebellion in India, that usually accurate paper made him speak of the important law "that now permits Hindoo widows to marry." How far the privilege had been taken advantage of did not appear. Another ludicrous mistake was made about the same time, in a report of evidence given before a Parliamentary Committee. A highly respectable witness was asked, "Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" The gentleman replied in the affirmative. He must have been somewhat annoyed, in reading the report a few days after, to find the question and answer permanently recorded as follows:—"Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" "Yes." The mistake probably originated with the shorthand reporter, who, let us charitably hope, was a little deaf.

Much less unhappy was the blunder which the *Missouri* paper committed when it informed its readers that "the wife of General Grant, during the previous year, had been \$5,000 paid." The next paper corrected the error by putting "wife" in the place of "wife." Still better was the mistake made by a newspaper in its report of an inquest held on the body of a notorious glutton, who had choked himself while devouring part of a Christmas goose. The verdict of "suffocation" was printed, with more truth than was intended, "suffocation." I was told lately by an Ayrshire gentleman, that a local poet in his district had been quite ruled by the absurdities which had been put into his mouth, in the poet's corner, by a careless or mischievous printer. The gentleman could give me no specimens, but the statement can readily be credited if many corrections had to be made like the following, which appeared in a provincial paper in 1888:

"ERRATUM.—In the piece on our fourth page, entitled 'We must not lag behind,' instead of the line, 'That moulds its dirty shirt,' please read, 'That would its duty shrink!'"

It is not in the newspapers alone that errors of so serious a kind occur. Mr. Pycroft notices a curious case of misquotation in Johnson's Dictionary, where, under the verb "to sit," the following occurs as an authority:—"A ass is ye that sit in judgment, (Judges, v., 10)."—the verse being in reality, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." I have also been referred to a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; the verse, "Princes have persecuted me without a cause," reading, "Princes have persecuted me without a cause."

More than two months of westward sailing over the "Sea of Darkness" brought them to the Bahama Banks. Many times the superstitions of the sailors, the success of the expedition, and even the life of the admiral. At last, from natural signs, they deemed that they drew near to land; mutinous tempers grew calm; all hearts took courage. When day broke, on Friday, 12th October, they found themselves at an island, called by the natives Guanahani, which Columbus henceforth named San Salvador, in remembrance of that Almighty Power which had so miraculously showed it to him. It is styled now, by Europeans, "Watling Island," after a certain buccannier captain. The San Salvador of modern maps is falsely so called. This was the discovery of the New World. The fabled Cipango, by which some have understood Japan, and the mainland of India, had yet to be reached. For these the admiral continued to search, drawn towards west or east at the sight of larger islands opening up in the horizon, till he came to Cuba, "which I believe," said he, "must be Cipango."

amongst the births. The result was the following remarkable announcement:—"On the 2d inst., at Kingston, the wife of Mr. Terry, schoolmaster, of a son. He spoke indistinctly, but was understood to say that, on the 8th inst., at Bond Gate, Ripon, the wife of Mr. Joseph Lonsdale, tailor, of a daughter." Less recent, but not less astounding, was the following item of local news which appeared in a Scotch paper:—"Last Saturday, a poor woman in King street was safely delivered of one sergeant, two corporals, and thirteen rank and file." Her Gracious Majesty is in the way of making donations in cases of three or more children at a birth. Whether she made any proportionate acknowledgment of the foregoing prodigy of both fecundity and patriotism has never "transpired."

## COLUMBUS.

In the Cathedral Church of the Havana, on the north side of the channel, and near the high altar, is an insignificant-looking mural tablet. It marks the last resting-place of one whose life was a perpetual wandering to and fro upon the earth, to whose bones there came final rest only after many years of death. The rude likeness carved upon it shows the thoughtful, persistent face of Christopher Columbus. In the wall behind, his remains are buried.

It seems almost incredible that the spot where he lies should be so great should be marked by no more than this poor tablet. It is too meagre to catch the attention of a stranger without direction. Perhaps that is best. For even the most glorious work of man's hands would fall to be fit memorial of him whose monument is half the inhabited world.

It is not too much to say that Columbus owes his grand success to his unselfish unity of purpose. There was no want of breadth in his character to canker the fair fame of his benevolence to the world. We find no fault in him. When smaller men tried to rise upon the ruins of his credit, he took it quietly, and forgave it without scorn. There is not one imperfection to limit our reverence for his memory. The son of a humble Genoese wood-crafter, he left his children a distinction proud to bear, he left his chief legacy for the sea—a foot in which his simple piety recognized the original of that Divine guidance which afterwards led him to discover the New World.

After serving in ships of war, under one of his own relations, at the age of five-and-thirty Columbus was attracted to Lisbon by the fame of the Portuguese discoveries, and the scientific patronage of the young and amiable Prince Henry of Portugal. There he married a countrywoman of his own, whose father was one of the prince's seamen, and governor of the island of Porto Santo. For awhile he made voyages to the Portuguese possessions on the coast of Guinea, chiefly with the view of penetrating to India by the East. At the same time, from a theory of the spherical form of the earth, which he had founded on Ptolemy's globe and the chart of Marinus of Tyre, he conceived the idea of reaching India, and perhaps more, by way of the West. From this beginning arose the great work of his life. Once convinced in his own mind, he never afterwards hesitated, or doubted, or lost sight of his design. His deep religious instinct served to elevate and confirm his purpose, with a sense little short of Divine inspiration. He saw himself foretold, in the prophecies of the Old Testament, as destined to bring together all nations and languages under the banner of the Redeemer. The power of his ruling passion showed itself outwardly, in the quiet dignity and authority of his demeanor. He was ready to spend himself and be spent for the success of his plans. And neither arguments, nor entreaties, nor even tears, could shake his convictions or turn him aside from his projects.

The haldest sketch of his great life would be too long for the present paper. Its history cannot be condensed without injury. Washington Irving's charming work is within the reach of all readers. Later writers have differed from his well-known conclusions as to the island first seen by the discoverers. In the *Landfall of Columbus*, by Captain Beecher, R.N., of the Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, the whole question is carefully examined and set at rest. To this the interested may refer with satisfaction, for accounts of the various fortunes through which this great navigator went, and the difficulties that he overcame; till, after long delay, his expedition was fitted out at the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, under the countenance of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Castile; and, amid the tears and dismay of relations, he sailed with three vessels and a complement of not more than a hundred men in all, on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, "half an hour before sunrise."

More than two months of westward sailing over the "Sea of Darkness" brought them to the Bahama Banks. Many times the superstitions of the sailors, the success of the expedition, and even the life of the admiral. At last, from natural signs, they deemed that they drew near to land; mutinous tempers grew calm; all hearts took courage. When day broke, on Friday, 12th October, they found themselves at an island, called by the natives Guanahani, which Columbus henceforth named San Salvador, in remembrance of that Almighty Power which had so miraculously showed it to him. It is styled now, by Europeans, "Watling Island," after a certain buccannier captain. The San Salvador of modern maps is falsely so called.

This was the discovery of the New World. The fabled Cipango, by which some have understood Japan, and the mainland of India, had yet to be reached. For these the admiral continued to search, drawn towards west or east at the sight of larger islands opening up in the horizon, till he came to Cuba, "which I believe," said he, "must be Cipango."

Here I leave him. He had succeeded in his great aim. Before his death he made three more voyages across the Atlantic to the newly-discovered Indies. After two years of sickness, he died, in Spain, on the 26th May, 1506, and was buried in the Convent of San Francisco, at Valladolid. Seven years later, his body was removed to the Monastery of Cartujos de las Cuevas, in Seville. From there, according to a wish expressed in his last will, it was taken to the West Indies, and buried by the altar in the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when that island was given up to France, his remains were transferred from San Domingo to Cuba, and rest finally on the right side of the high altar in the Cathedral in the city of the Havana.

The personal appearance of Columbus was not a bad index of his character. His general

air expressed the authority which he knew no well how to exercise. His light-gray eyes kindled easily at subjects of interest. He was tall and well-formed. His complexion was fair and freckled, and inclined to rosy. Trouble soon turned his light hair gray, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. Moderate in food, and simple in dress, temperate in language, bearing himself with courteous and gentle gravity, religious without being a formalist, representing his irritable temper with a lofty piety, he was the model of a Christian gentleman. The devoted reference of his successes to the Divine favor, with which he concludes the report of his first voyage to the sovereigns of Castile, is highly characteristic of the man.

"This is certain," he writes, "that the Eternal God our Lord gives all things to those who obey Him, and the victory when it seems impossible, and this evidently is an instance of it, for although people have talked of these lands, all was conjecture, unless proved by seeing them, for the greater part believed and judged more by hearsay than by anything else."

"Since, then, our Redeemer has given this victory to our illustrious king and queen, and entrusted their reigns by such a great thing, all Christians should rejoice and make great festivals, and give thanks to the Blessed Trinity, with solemn praises for the conversion of so much people to our holy faith." J. C. H.

## Nobody's Children.

A year or two ago, as I sat in the entry of a farm-house, one warm summer afternoon, my attention was attracted by numerous feathered objects that kept flitting in and out of the open door. At first I thought they were hawks, but on examination I found them to be seeds.

"Of what?" I asked the farmer's wife, as she passed through the entry.

"Thistles," she replied. "There's a lot of them just below here, and the breeze carries the seeds hither and thither as you see."

Presently I took my hat and walked down the lane, until I came to the thistle bed. There it was—a large patch of ground covered with the unsightly things, and as the wind swept over them, thousands of the light, feathery seeds were borne away, and scattered all over the surrounding country. Next year, thought I, they will spring up in the hay fields, and in the corn fields, and among the grain, and crops will be injured by them; they will spring up in the flower gardens, and the farmer's little daughter, going out to gather flowers, will have her tender fingers wounded by them; they will do no good, but only harm, wherever they find space to grow. So I went back to the house.

"Pray tell me why those thistles are not rooted up?" I asked the farmer's wife.

"Oh!" she said, "they are not on anybody's ground, and so they are left to themselves."

Not on anybody's ground, and so they are left to themselves!

There is a text for a sermon, but I am not the person to do the preaching.

I sat down again, and began to think. I thought of swarming city streets; of barefooted boys and girls, whose ragged shins showed their limbs; of vulgar and profane language uttered by almost infant lips; and of crimes committed by little children, no older or larger than the farmer's little daughter.

Who are all these? Oh, they are nobody's children—nobody cares for them—they are left to shift for themselves. So they grow up, and they become the pests of society. They are the gamblers, and the burglars, the incendiaries, the robbers, the murderers. They fill our almshouses, our gaols, our prisons; they travel on the road to destruction, and they lead thousands and thousands along with them. Why? Oh, they are nobody's charge!—nobody is responsible for them; they take care of themselves. Oh, will this excuse stand in the great day of judgment? Dare we look in the face of Almighty God, as we stand before the "great white throne," and say, "They were nothing to us; we could not help them; we had not power or strength to raise them from their degradation?" No—no. We dare not.

Christian! there is work for you and me, in this great vineyard of the Lord. Let us go into these streets and lanes—into these highways and hedges, and carry the news of salvation. Let us seek out these little neglected ones, and bring them into our mission-schools, and our churches; let us visit their wretched homes, and tell their parents of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost. Thank God, there are many workers already laboring in the Lord's harvest fields, but there is room for more; there is room for every Christian to share in the toil and the burden, and also in the rest and the reward.

## Geological Speculations.

Prof. Agassiz, in the Atlantic Monthly, comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was at one time covered with ice a mile in thickness. The proof is that the slopes of the Allegheny range of mountains are glacier worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the ice mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which glacier marks come to an end, tells us that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow. In this region, then, the thickness of the sheet cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for, wherever the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plough, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into the lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite districts, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural use of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

AN OLD COIN.—Among the relics of antiquity recently discovered at Colleville, France, is mentioned a coin bearing the head of Faustina, to pay Charon for the passage across the Styx.

What is most appropriate to a doctor's house? Blue-pill-ars in front.

## LATEST NEWS.

## The Rebel Invasion.

The rebel expedition into Maryland has assumed a more formidable shape. General Wallace evacuated Frederick on Friday evening to avoid being flanked by the rebels, who had crossed the Potomac at Solomons Ferry and other points. He fell back to Monocacy Junction, where he was attacked on Saturday morning. The battle lasted from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., but our forces were overpowered and were forced to retreat towards Baltimore. General Wallace, in his official dispatch, estimates the rebel force at 30,000. Brigadier-General Tyler is reported to have been taken prisoner. A. P. Hill, Stuart, Latimer, and Early are recently reported to be in command of the enemy. During Saturday night the citizens of Baltimore were alarmed, and at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning the alarm bells were sounded. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the city during the day. At 11 A. M. General Wallace was reported to have fallen from the city, falling back, but it was believed that the enemy was not following him, and the truth body in the city was thought to be for Washington. General Wallace's headquarters were at Westminster on Saturday night. A Washington Star cable, at 1 P. M., stated that the rebels were not pursuing Wallace; that a satisfactory body of troops are in a position to reach Washington or Baltimore before the rebels, and that the enemy has not appeared in the Department of Washington. A Baltimore dispatch, at 5 P. M., reports that the Northern Central Railroad was cut between Timonium and Cockeysville, and that a rebel force, estimated at 1,500, had passed above Cockeysville, going in the direction of the Philadelphia railroad. Later dispatches announce the safe arrival of Signal's wagon train in Baltimore.

Gen. Hunter has been heard from. He has recaptured Martinsburg, with all the stores lost by our troops, and also took about 1,000 prisoners.

From Sherman's department we have intelligence to the effect that the whole rebel army is across the Chattahoochee. Over two thousand prisoners were taken by Gen. Sherman, between Marietta and the river, the greater portion of whom were from Chestnut's division, which was acting as rear guard.

ROYAL BENEVOLENCE.—In the "Children of Luteia," the last work which Blanchard Jerrold has written, he gives a new and charming story of a Diamond Necklace, which is a good offset to the well-known and scandalous episode in French history.

"It relates to the Empress Eugenie, on whose marriage the municipal council of Paris voted a sum of twenty-four thousand pounds sterling to make a wedding offering to the Empress of a diamond necklace. The Empress, however, declined the gift, but accepted its worth in money. How she spent it, Mr. Jerrold tells us, may now be seen in a quiet suburb of Paris, where, in a well-ordered house, with trim gardens and lawn, and beds of flowers, two hundred orphan children find a happy home. Another anecdote is added: In March, 1866, when the imperial prince was born, six hundred thousand subscribers determined to present a token of gratitude and affection to the mother. On being asked what form the people's offering should take, the Empress replied: 'By founding the Prince Imperial's Orphanage.' It was ordered that the institution should not be a great edifice, where poor children might be cheaply brigaded, but that its income should be wholly spent in finding homes for helpless orphans among the honest working population of Paris and its environs. By its agency, adds Mr. Jerrold, between three and four hundred poor orphans have already been rescued from misery, and placed in comfortable homes under responsible guardianship."

PARASITIC WORMS.—If meat be sufficiently dressed to change its original raw flesh color, even though considerably tinged with red gravy, it may be eaten, I believe, with no danger of causing parasitic disease. I have, however, seen game (especially wild fowl, which swallow large numbers of some kinds of parasitic worms) brought to table in such a state of rawness that such food could hardly be eaten with impunity. The worm parasite is most frequently introduced through pork, which, I believe, is eaten raw in the form of smoked ham and bacon in many parts of England. In Germany, too, it is eaten raw in sausages, giving rise, probably, to great prevalence of parasitic worm disease in that country.—R. A. C.

AN AMBROTYPE FROM THE WILDERNESS BATTLE-FIELD.—An ambrotype was picked up from the side of a dead Pennsylvania soldier, on the battle-field in the Wilderness, and has been brought to this city. It contains the likeness of a lady at whose side is seated a little girl, wearing a black sack; on the lap of the woman is seated a child clothed in white. The dress of the woman is of barred goods, and she had on a large breastpin and a collar. The picture will be left at this office for one week, for examination by persons who may think they are its owners. It would be highly prized by the family of the deceased soldier, as it was probably that of his wife and children.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

PORK AND BEANS.—White beans are the cheapest and most nutritious food which can be eaten. Beans and pork furnish nearly all the elements necessary to human subsistence. A quart of beans at eight cents, and pound of pork at twelve cents, will feed a small family for a day. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in fifty quarts of water, will furnish a good meal for forty men, at one and quarter cents per man.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Why is a pudding like a siege? Because fire and batter are necessary for both.

SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.—A lady who has paid some attention to small matters, says she always watches with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing-rooms of fashionable hotels. "If," said she, "the wives enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the Oh-no-we-never-mention-ems. If, on the contrary, the husband takes the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in everything else." This idea, to us, is perfectly original, and we shall be somewhat particular hereafter, in satisfying ourselves of the truth of such "significant signs."

In Boston people are uniting to buy coal by the cargo, and thus save two or three dollars per ton.



## DAY DREAMS.

Where the sunbeams lie on the purple flower  
Of the radiant little daisy;  
Where the daisy blows, tiny white,  
And the sunbeams play on its light;  
And where the daisy, deep out of sight,  
After his work is done—  
Alone I would be,  
Without company,  
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plover whist, and circles, and screens,  
Over the luminous plain;  
Where the sunset clouds fall heavy and slow,  
And the glad winds race, and flutter, and blow;  
Where the golden corn is all of a glow,  
And so are the raptur'd fawns—  
Alone I would be,  
Without company,  
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the fir, so balmy and evergreen,  
Raises its dripping cone;  
And the squirrel, nut-like, climbs the tree;  
And the wind is breathing its hilly lay,  
Faint, and soft, and consciously—  
The song of distant seas—  
Alone I would be,  
Without company,  
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the sunshine comes in level lines,  
Across the velvet meadow,  
And stealing in and out in patches,  
In sunny fits and playful catches,  
As a laugh or a trick in a snicker,  
With varying gains and losses—  
Alone I would be,  
Without company,  
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

## OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

Author of "Vernon's Pride," "The Shadow of Ash-lydell," "The Treacher's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

(Related according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Henry Wood, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

Mark Cray rose from his chair again, and stood on the rug as before, pushing back his hair from his forehead in the restlessness that was upon him. He was always restless when he thought of that past night; or of the certainty that he might at any time be called upon to perform again what he had failed in then. It was not altogether his skill he doubted, for Mark Cray was a vain and self-sufficient man; but he felt that the very present consciousness of having broken down before, would induce a nervousness that would cause him infallibly to break down again. Had it been practicable, Mark Cray would have taken flight from Hallingham and its medical world that very hour, and hid himself away from them for ever.

"It has become awful to me, Carine!" The words burst from him in the fulness of his thoughts. Both had been silent for some minutes, and they sounded quite startling in their vehemence. Mrs. Cray looked up at him.

"What do you mean, Mark? What has the getting your nose so irregularly?"

"Yes," said Mark, gravely. He did not choose to say that it was his profession which had become hateful to him, lest Mrs. Cray might inquire too closely why.

And, besides all this, had Mark been ever so successful in practice, the vista opened to him of unlimited wealth (and he really so regarded it) might have turned a staid head than his. His friend Barker had been Mark's "chum" (who is indebted to Mark for the epithet) at Guy's Hospital, and the intimacy had lasted longer than such formed intimacies generally do last. Mr. Barker was of the same stamp as Mark, hence, perhaps, the duration of the friendship; he had practised as a surgeon for a year or two, and then found it "too slow," and had tried his hand at something else and something else ever since, and somehow the things had dropped through one after the other with various degrees of failure, one degree of which had been to land Mr. Barker within the friendly walls of a debtor's prison. But he had come on his legs again; such men generally do; and he was now in high feather as the promoter of a grand mining company. It was this he had invited Mark to embark in; he wrote him the most glowing accounts of the fabulous sums of money to be realized at it; he believed in them himself; he was, he had said, exactly the same sort of man as Mark.

One little drawback had recently presented itself: a want of ready money. Of course it was not much felt, considering the loads that were coming in in prospective; but it might be as well to get some if possible. Mark, in his eagerness, offered the sum coming to his wife from the Chancery suit; they were expecting it to be paid over daily; and Mr. Barker was in raptures, and painted his pictures of the future in colors gorgeous as those of a Claude Lorraine. Caroline might have felt a little startled, had she known Mark had already promised the money, without so much as consulting her. But Mark had chosen to take his own time to consult her, and Mark was doing it now. Perhaps he had felt it might be more decent to let poor Dr. Davenal be put under the ground, before he spoke of applying the money in a way so diametrically opposed to his last wishes.

"Mark," she asked, "how much does Mr. Barker get by this? At present, I mean."

"He doesn't know. I suppose they have hardly begun to realize yet. It will not be in full work, I expect, until I join it. He's a regular good fellow, and is holding back for me."

"He says it will be good?"

"Good!" echoed Mark. "Stop, I'll read you his last letter, the one I received this morning."

He drew a letter from the pocket of his pantaloons and read out its glowing promises. Mr. Barker was evidently fervent in his belief of the future. Caroline listened as one in a joyous dream; and the imaginary scene then dancing before her eyes, of their future greatness, rivaled any of the scenes of fairyland.

"You see," said Mark, "Barker—who's that?" The entrance of a visitor into the hall had caused the interruption. Caroline bent her ear to listen.

"It is Aunt Bettina!" she exclaimed. "I am sure it is her voice, Mark. Whatever brings her here to-night?"

Mark crumpled the letter into his pocket again.

"Mind, Caroline, not a word of this to her!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on his wife as she

was rising. "It is not quite ready to be talked of yet."

Miss Davenal came in. She greeted them, and then entered at once upon the subject which had brought her—her quitting the Abbey for the other home. Mark understood she had come, as it were, officially; to fix time and place and means; and he had no resource but to tell her that he did not intend to enter upon it; did not intend to embark Caroline's money in any such purpose; did not, in fact, intend to remain in Hallingham.

There ensued a battle; it was little less. What with Miss Davenal's indignation and what with Miss Davenal's defiance, the words were that superseded could be called nothing else. Caroline sat pretty quiet at first, speaking to take her husband's side now and then.

"You tell me you are going to leave Hallingham, and you won't tell me where you are going, or what you are going to do, Mark Cray?" reiterated Miss Davenal.

"I'll tell you more about it when I know more myself."

"But you can tell me what it is; you can tell me where it is. It is at one of the London hospitals?"

"It is in London," was Mark's answer, allowing the hospital to be assumed.

"Then, Mark Cray, you are very wicked. And you—turning to Caroline—'are foolish to uphold him in it. How can you think of giving up such a practice as this?'"

"I am tired of Hallingham," avowed Mark, with blunt truth, for he was getting vexed.

"You are—what?" cried Miss Davenal, not catching the words.

"Sick and tired of Hallingham. And I don't care who knows it."

Miss Davenal looked at him with some curiosity.

"He goes out of his senses, Caroline?"

"I am tired of Hallingham, too, aunt," said Caroline, audaciously. "I want to live in London."

"And the long and the short of it is, that we mean to live in London," Miss Bettina, avowed Mark. "There, I don't care that my talents should be buried in a poking country place any longer."

She looked from one to the other of them; she could not take it in. Pharyngus was rendering her ears somewhat more open than usual.

"Buried!—a poking country place! and what of the twelve or fifteen hundred a-year practice that you would lightly throw away, Mark Cray?"

"Oh, I shall do better than that in London. I have got a post offered me worth double that."

She paused a few moments.

"And what are you to give for it?"

"Never mind that," said Mark.

"Yes, never mind that," rejoined Miss Bettina in a tone of bitter sarcasm. "When it comes to details, you can take refuge in 'never mind.' Do you suppose such posts are given away for nothing, Mark Cray? Who has been befouling you?"

"But it will not be given for nothing," cried Caroline, betrayed to the injudicious avowal by the partisanship of her husband. "The money that is coming to me will be devoted to it."

This was the climax. Miss Bettina Davenal was very wroth; wroth, however, more in sorrow than in anger. In vain she strove to sift the affair to the bottom; Mark baffled her questions, baffled her indignation, and—it must be confessed—his wife helped him.

She—Miss Bettina—turned away in the midst of the storm. She took up her black gloves, the only article of attire that she had removed, and drew them on her trembling hands. In the shaking of the hands alone did Bettina Davenal ever betray emotion; those firm, white, rather bony hands, usually so still and self-possessed.

"Marcus Cray, as surely as that you are standing now before me, you will rue this work if you carry it out. When that day shall come, I beg you—I beg you, Caroline—to remember that I warned you of it."

She passed out without another word, and stalked down the lighted street uncomfortably upright. Neal behind her with his finger tread. Midway between the Abbey and her own home; it was in the corner just before coming to the market-place; she encountered Mr. Oswald Cray.

He lifted his hat, half as if he would have borne on; he was in deep thought. But Miss Davenal stopped, and held out her hand.

"I was thinking of you at this very moment," said Oswald Cray. "I was saying to myself that if anybody could wear your brother Marcus out of this wicked imprudence, it might be you; nay, I would say shame him out of it."

"What is the matter with him? What is he doing?" asked Oswald, all in wonder.

Miss Davenal paused. Either she did not hear the question or she took time to recover herself to reply to it. Her face was very pale, her cold gray eyes glittered like steel in the lamplight.

"My poor brother has died young, and left this valuable practice in Mark's hands. There are not many like unto it. The house is ready to be offered to him; altogether, the career spreading out before him is a fine one. And he is talking of throwing it up. He is going to fling it from him as a child flings a pebble away into the sea. He says he shall quit Hallingham."

"Quit Hallingham?" repeated Oswald Cray, the last words of what she said alone making their full impression on him in his bewildered surprise. "Mark says he shall quit Hallingham?"

"He has some wild-goose scheme in his head of setting up in practice in London," said Miss Davenal, speaking in accordance with the notion she had erroneously assumed. "It is something he is about to purchase. He is going to purchase it with that money of Caroline's. But he has as surely lost his senses as that we are here."

"I cannot understand it," said Oswald. "No man in his senses would abandon such a practice as this."

"Just so. But I tell you he is not in his senses; he cannot be. I do not understand it any more than you. Perhaps you will see him."

"I will. I am going there now. I have been calling at your house, Miss Davenal. Now that I have met you, will you let me express my deep sympathy in your sorrow for the loss you have sustained?"

"Thank you, sir. It has been the greatest blow I could have experienced, and if I have not shown it much outwardly—for it is not in my nature to show such—it has done its work on my heart. There are few men who could not have been spared in Hallingham, whether to the town or to his family, better than Dr. Davenal."

"It is frequently the case," said Oswald, half abstractedly, "that those whom we think we could the least spare, are taken. Fare you well, Miss Davenal."

For Miss Davenal had turned as if anxious to be gone. She walked away towards home in her usual steady fashion; the attentive Neal, whose apparently closed ears had been repaid to their content, behind her, after respectfully saluting Mr. Oswald Cray.

Mr. Oswald Cray, strode on to the Abbey, the strange news just communicated puzzling him much. He did not take Mark at a disadvantage, as Miss Davenal had done. When he entered, he collected his wife and resolve on his course of action. That course was, not to open his lips about the scheme on hands to any other living mortal until it was ripe and ready to be acted upon. Miss Davenal's communication to Oswald rendered this somewhat difficult, but Mark did not stand on an evasion or two.

He was exceedingly surprised to see Oswald, not knowing that he was at Hallingham, and Caroline gave a little scream when he came in, in her pretty and somewhat affected manner. Oswald explained that he had not come from London, but from another part of the country and had alighted at Hallingham for two or three hours only as he passed through it. He then entered upon the strange news just communicated to him.

But Mark had the answer to it ready at hand. He was not taken at a disadvantage, as he had been by Miss Davenal. He talked in a mocking tone about "burybodies," he ridiculed Miss Davenal's defiance, saying that she generally heard things "double," altogether, he contrived to blind Oswald, to convince him that the whole thing was a fable; or, rather, a mistake, partly arising from Miss Davenal's infirmity, partly from a desire on his own part to "chaff" her for her interference. How Mark Cray reconciled this to his sense of honor, let him answer.

And Oswald, perfectly truthful himself, never doubted his half-brother. But he did not wholly quit the topic. He spoke of the few words written to him by Dr. Davenal when he was dying, and of their purport—that he, Oswald, should urge the settlement of Mrs. Cray's own money upon her. Though of course, Oswald added, there was no necessity for him to do so; Mark would naturally see for himself that it was the only thing to be done with it.

Of course he saw it, testily answered Mark, who was growing cross.

"I cannot think how Miss Davenal could have misunderstood you as she did," proceeded Oswald. "She actually said that this money of Mrs. Cray's was to be applied to the purchase of the new thing in London in which you were proposing to embark."

"Did she," returned Mark, in a tone that one impatient schoolboy retorts upon another. "I do wonder, Oswald, that you should listen to the rubbish picked up by a deaf woman!"

"The wonder is, how she could so misunderstand," returned Oswald. "But I am heartily glad it is not so. Miss Davenal assumed that you must be out of your senses, Mark; I added, a smile crossing his lips. 'I fear I must have arrived at the same conclusion, had you really been entertaining the notion of quitting Hallingham and throwing up such a practice as this.'"

"I wish to goodness people would mind their own business!" exclaimed Mark, who was losing his good manners in his vexation. The communication to his wife of his new scheme had been so smoothly accomplished, that the sudden interruption of Miss Davenal and now of Oswald Cray seemed all too like a checkmate; and Mark felt as a stag driven to bay. "I am old enough to regulate my own affairs without Miss Davenal," he continued, "and I want none of her interference."

Oswald did not speak.

"And, what's more, I won't stand it," resumed Mark; "either from her or from anyone. There! And, Oswald, I hope you will excuse my saying it; although you are my elder brother and may deem you have a right to dictate to me."

"The right to advise as a friend only, Mark," was the reply, somewhat pointedly spoken. "Never to dictate."

Mark growled.

"With this valuable practice before you, Mark, it may appear to you quite a superfluous precaution to secure the money to your wife and children," persisted Oswald. "But the chances and changes of life are so great, overwhelming families when least expected, that it behooves us all to guard those we love against them so far as we have the power."

"Do you suppose I should not do the best for my wife that I can do?" asked Mark. "She knows I would. Be at ease, Oswald," he added in an easy tone, of which Oswald detected not the banter, "when Caroline's money shall be paid over, I'll send you notice of it. Talking of money, don't you think the doctor made a strange will?"

"I have not heard anything about his will," replied Oswald. "He has died very well off, I suppose."

"We don't think he has died well off," interposed Caroline. "I and Mark can quite make it out, and they do not treat us with much confidence in the matter. Whatever there is, it is left to Sara."

"To Sara?"

"Every stick and stone," returned Caroline, her cheeks assuming that lovely color that excitement was apt to bring to them, and which, to a practised eye, might have suggested a suspicion of something not sound in the constitution. "All the property he died possessed of is to be sold, even to the household furniture; and the money realized from it goes to Sara."

"And the son—Captain Davenal?"

"There's nothing left to him; not a penny piece. His name is not so much as mentioned in the will."

Oswald looked as though he could not believe it. He had thought that of all men Dr. Davenal would have been incapable of making an unjust will.

"Look here, Oswald," interrupted Mark, speaking in that half-whispered tone that is so suggestive of mystery, "there's something under all this that we can't fathom. Caroline overheard some words dropped by Miss Davenal, to the effect that Sara was left dependent upon her, quite entirely dependent—"

"But how can that be?" interrupted Oswald. "Have you not just said that the whole property is willed to her?"

"True; but Miss Davenal did say it. It is all queer together," concluded Mark. "Why should he have willed it all to Sara, excluding Edward? And why should Miss Davenal assert, as she did, that Sara would be penniless and must have a home with herself? I am sure I and Caroline don't want their confidence," continued Mark, in a tone of resentment that was sufficient to betray he did want it. "But I say it's a queer

will altogether. Nothing left to Edward, when it's well known the doctor loved him as the apple of his eye! Every expense that can be realized by the sales is to go to Sara; to be paid into her hands absolutely, without the security of trustees, or guardian, or anything. But as to his having died the wealthy man that he was thought to be, it is quite a mistake. So far as we can make out, there was no money laid by at all."

Oswald did not care to pursue the theme. The disposal of Dr. Davenal's property was nothing to him; and if he could not help a suspicion crossing his mind as to how the laid-by gains of years had been spent, it was certainly not his intention to enlighten his brother Marcus. Neal had hinted at hush money months ago, and the hint was haunting Oswald now.

"Was it not an sudden death at the last?" exclaimed Caroline.

"Very," said Oswald. "It must have been a sad shock for you all. I am sure your cousin feels it much."

"Sara? Well, I don't know. I don't think she feels it more than I do. She seems as still and calm as a statue. She never shed a tear yesterday when the will was being read; and I am sure she listened to it. I never heard a word for my sob."

But for the melancholy subject, Oswald would have smiled at Caroline's faith in her own depth of grief. She had yet to learn the signs of real sorrow.

"She is not demonstrative, I think," he observed, alluding to Sara.

"She never was," returned Caroline; "and therefore I argue that there can be no real feeling. I have gone into hysterics ten times since the death from only thinking of it, as Mark knows; and I question if anybody has so much as seen Sara cry. I said to her yesterday, 'How collected you are! how you seem to think of everything for the future!' 'Yes,' she answered in a dreamy sort of way, 'I have got work to do; I have got work to do. I don't know why I should be,' continued Mrs. Cray, after a pause, 'but in the last few months Sara seems to have altered so much: to have turned gray before her time. It is as though all her youth had gone out of her.'"

Oswald rose. He believed his mission had been accomplished—that there was no doubt of Mark's investing his wife's money for her benefit in accordance with the doctor's wishes. They pressed him to remain and take some tea, but he declined: he was returning to town that night. His last words to his half-brother proved how completely he was astray.

"Mark, it would be only kind of you to see Miss Davenal right. I am sure the misapprehension was causing her serious pain."

"I'll attend to her," rejoined Mark, with a careless laugh, as he went with him to the hall door. "Good night, Oswald. A safe journey to you."

Mark returned to his wife. He had not quite liked to use that deliberate deceit to Oswald Cray in his presence. But Mark was ingenious in sophistries, in that kind of logic which tends to "make the worse appear the better reason," and Caroline put full faith in him as she listened to his half apology, half explanation.

"It would never have done to enlighten him," observed Mark. "What I have said, I said for your sake, Carine. Oswald is one who would rather let a man plod on for years on bread and cheese, than see him make a dash and raise himself at once to independence. He's a slow-going fellow himself, and thinks everybody else ought to be."

And, propping his back against the side of the mantelpiece, Mark Cray enlarged upon all the grandeur and glory of the prospect opening to him, painting its future scenes in colors so brilliant, that his wife lost herself in a trance of admiration, and wished it could all be realized with the morning light. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Curious Effect of Lime on Alligators.

A moorman caught a young alligator in his fishing kraal in the Matura river, and I went to see it. It was alive, and, to all appearances, there was no reason why, if left alone, it should not grow up to alligator's estate. Its length was about three and a half feet. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for testing the correctness of what I had heard in the north of the island about the remarkable effect of lime upon the alligator, I asked a man to bring me some; on which he procured from a neighboring house a lump of the chunamb, or lime prepared from shells, which the natives are in the habit of chewing along with the nut of the areca palm, and the leaves of the betel-creepers. The lime had previously been moistened with water. Having opened the jaws of our unfortunate victim—an operation to which it submitted with exemplary resignation, (when it found it could not prevent it)—we inserted, as far back as the opening into the throat, a lump of chunamb about as large as a pigeon's egg, after which we put the animal into the water. Immediately it turned over on its side, and then on its back, and appeared paralyzed. Soon its eyes closed, and I thought it was dead. After about five minutes it revived a little. I could not remain longer to watch it, but in the evening I rode to where it had been experimented on, when I found that it was dead, and learned that it had died within two hours of my leaving. On examining its mouth, I found that the lime had not been swallowed, but was still in the throat, just where it had been placed. I do not remember to have read in any work on animals of this antipathy of the alligator to lime; and it still remains to be explained how it is that a substance of that nature, specially prepared for the use of man, and by him daily chewed, should have so powerful and instantaneous an effect upon an animal otherwise so tenacious of life, when merely placed in the mouth, without being swallowed. The experiment may appear to have been a cruel one, and yet, perhaps, it was the speediest and easiest mode of killing the alligator. I may now venture to state that the Tamuls have an idea that if a bullet be filled with lime before firing at an alligator, it will, wherever it penetrates, cause a wound that will prove mortal. I have, since making the experiment related above, been told that it is not uncommon for the Singalese to fill the stomach of a bullock with lime, and to place it near an alligator's haunts, knowing that if he swallow the lime, death will ensue.

Here is a capital epigram on "A Driving Cloud":

"O, gaze upon the driving cloud,  
Rushing o'er hills and plains;  
But why call that a driving cloud?"  
"Because it holds the rains [rains]!"

## THE Loyal FLOWER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY MRS. ANNA RACHE.

As I strolled about the garden,  
Close beside the box-edged walk,  
I espied a bright-lipped flower,  
Trembling on its slender stalk.

"Heart's ease!" I exclaimed, "my darling,  
I rejoice thy blossoms to see;  
Come, make bright my study table—  
Come, and bring thy name with thee."

"Ah!" replied the gentle flower,  
(Dew, like tears, her cup ran o'er—)  
"While so many hearts are bleeding,  
I can *Heart's ease* be, no more;

Till is crushed this frail rebellion,  
Call me—*Violet Tri-color*,"  
Philadelphia.

## My Bee-Hives.

I wanted to provide a nice yard for my bees, where they would be retired, quiet, and undisturbed by noise or people. I knew they must fly over high fences, and even over houses, to get into the country, where their food was to be found. The only spot I had was a mere sand-bank, some fifty feet square—pure sand, not a green thing on it. The first thing I did was to purchase a load of young pine-trees, and set out so many, that if one in four lived it would be enough. The next thing was to get a green turf over the yard. My hives were set down close to the ground, as they always should be; and each having a roof over the white box, they looked like a miniature city set down on a miniature Sahara. I asked advice, and everybody said, "It's of no use; you can't make anything grow there."

There is nothing like trying; so I sent and procured a quantity of pure white clover-seed—almost four times the quantity fit to sow, under ordinary circumstances, on such a space. I next had my ground dug and manured. Then I sowed my seed and carefully raked it in. This was in the early spring. I had done all I could, and as well as I knew how. I now waited for the spring rains. In due time they came. The sands soaked them all up, and I could find no evidence that my seed was alive. The spring passed away, and the summer came and went, and the autumn came and went, but there was no sprouting. Not a single clover-leaf showed itself. Then came the cold, hard, freezing winter, and where was my poor seed to get? The second spring returned, and still no signs of life. "Your seed must be dead," said one. "You will never see it again," said another. "Such seed cannot give life to anything," said a third. Not knowing what to do next, I did nothing. Now notice. Towards the close of the summer—the second summer—I went away for some weeks. On my return, lo! my yard was covered with a thick, green, beautiful dress of young clover, and much of it in blossom. It was a thick matting of life, covering and hiding all the sand; and the blossoms were like miniature snow-balls, impaled each on a green spear. How beautiful! What proportion of the seed sown had sprouted? I did not know. Why was it so long in sprouting and showing itself? I could not tell. Would it always be thus with the white clover-seed? I could not tell. But my bee-yard is now beautiful. And a great lesson I learned from it.

When I have spent wakeful and weary hours, and many of them, too, in preparing to speak to my congregation on the most important of themes, and it seems to make no impression; and when I do this week after week, and month after month, I sometimes feel much discouraged. But a single visit to my bee-yard and a single recollection of the quantity of seed sown, and of the long, long time it was in sprouting, give me hope and courage. Who knows what may come of it yet?

I sometimes go out—nay, often go out—and preach in the outer corners and districts of our town. I go from week to week, and from year to year, and I see no fruit, no repentance. I mourn over it; but I think how I have sown the seed, and then I think of the bee-yard.

Sometimes a Christian mother speaks to me of her children; how she tries to teach them and fill their minds with Bible truths, and does this from week to week through years, and yet she sees no results. I tell her the story of my bee-yard, and encourage her to persevere. The seed will not perish, though it may be long in growing.

Sometimes I watch a certain faithful Sunday-school teacher that I know. She has had that same class now for eight years—ever since they were five years old. She has been sowing the seed, and praying for a blessing on it, all this time. But nothing that is green yet appears. It seems like sowing on the sand. But I cheer her, and bid her think of my bee-yard.

Wearied pastor! with a heart often aching because thou seest no return from the seed sown:

Faithful missionary of the cross! sowing upon the very bare sands, year after year, and nothing like verdure yet to see:

Praying parent! instructing thy little ones, and longing to see what thou canst not see—thy conversion to Christ:

Patient teacher! sowing and toiling, and apparently in vain:

Courage—courage all! for in due time you shall reap, if you faint not. Remember the sandy bee-yard!

ANCIENT GRANTS.—Formerly the wax was bitten by the grantee, instead of sealing. In a rhyming grant of William the Conqueror, are these two lines:—

"In witness that this thing is sooth,  
I byte the wax with my wang toothe."

The following curious poetical title-deed, granted by William the Conqueror, is copied *literatim* from the original grant:—

Consuetudo of Paulsen Roydon.  
I William, King, the third yere of my reign,  
Give to thee, Paulyn Roydon, Hope and Hope towns.

With all the bounds both up and downe,  
From heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hee,  
For thee and thyne, thine to dwell.

As truly as this King right is myn,  
For a cross bowe and a barrow,  
When I sal cum to hunt on Yarrow;

And in token that this thing is sooth,  
I byte the whyt wax with my wang toothe,  
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,  
And my thurd some Henry.



## WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

Let us linger awhile in the twilight,  
You and I, by the in-flowing tide;  
For to-night our paths still lie together—  
To-morrow, you know, they divide.

And mine will be rugged and stony,  
While yours will be smooth, bright, and fair;  
'Tis but right! So I know you are happy,  
What is there that I cannot bear?

There's a secret that I have kept hidden  
Deep down in a cell of my heart,  
And I thought it would lie there for ever,  
Or till death and body should part.

But to-night, in this sweet, sad, leave-taking,  
It struggles, and will not be still;  
And it flutters its poor little pinions,  
Against the iron bars of my will.

It would fain break all bonds and fly upward,  
And sing on my lips its sad song,  
And destroy in one moment the prison  
In which I have kept it so long.

But how dare I give it its freedom,  
To be scorched in the blaze of your scorn,  
And so to come back bruised and broken,  
To make my heart still more forlorn?

See here, in the sand I will write it,  
At your feet, within reach of the spray,  
Where the waves, as they rise high and higher,  
Will presently wash it away.

And you shall not speak as you read it,  
The sea shall make answer for you,  
For the first wave that rears its proud foam-crest,  
Shall dash all my words from my view.

I will e'en take the answer my lady,  
So courted, so noble, so grand,  
Must make the poor artist, who ventures  
To write such words even in sand.

But again in the ripples that follow,  
I shall hear your own voice, sweet and low,  
Going back to its womanly instincts,  
And pitying thus my deep woe.

And so, when all traces are vanished,  
The secret will mine be again,—  
All my own, for you must forget it,  
And I—will smother my pain.

And we two will go back together  
To the world; I can laugh and be gay  
This one night; 'tis the last, for the morrow  
Bears me and my troubles away.

Look, now it is written. Great Power,  
'Tis repeated by all things around,  
I love you, I love you, I love you!  
Is the burden of every sound.

It is written in fire on the sunset,  
It is sung in the voice of the sea,  
The wind takes it up and repeats it,  
While it mocks at my love and at me.

But, hark! I can hear it low murmur'd,  
By a voice, of all sounds the most dear;  
Surely I must be mad, for I thought it  
Your voice, speaking close to my ear.

But no! Oh, thank heaven, 'tis not madness!  
Sound it forth, oh ye earth, sea, and skies!  
She loves me, she loves me! I read it  
In the depths of her beautiful eyes.

## LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

## CHAPTER XII.

## SEEKING SECURITY.

Aurelia's prediction about her own speedy restoration to health was no idle one. She gained strength, as if by magic, from the time of Sergeant Miller's visit. After all, as Dr. Gillies bluntly observed, the hurt she had received was not worth speaking of—a scratch that a few inches of gold-beater's skin might have cured. The true danger was in the violent shock to the nerves; and the old doctor, who was a learned man in his way, reflected upon all he had read relating to nerves, but could not quite account for the complete prostration of so vigorous a constitution as that of Miss Darcy, except by supposing an amount of latent timidity apparently foreign to the patient's nature.

"If it had been Miss Clifford, who screams at seeing a mouse cross the floor, or Mrs. Battersby, whom I had to bring round with ether and spirits of ammonia, when, as she declared, the spider bit her finger, I should not have been surprised. But Miss Darcy! Well, those calm, grand-looking women are sad cowards at heart, after all!"

The doctor was not quite right. Aurelia was not quite a coward. The trifling hurt she had received had caused her little alarm. It was the pistol-shot that had frightened her thus: it was the face—the haggard, terrible face that she had seen glaring up at her from the dark lair among the evergreens—a face that bore such a likeness to one once familiar to her, as the distorted countenance of a demoniac might have done to that of the same man before the blight fell upon him. It was the face—full of vindictive passions and lurid wrath, full of almost unearthly hate and malignity livid and menacing. It had produced more effect in its mute threatening than the actual attack on her life. It had haunted her dreams, and made her pillow uneasy, and sapped her strength, and made every distant sound, even the opening or shutting of a door, even the roll of wheels, appear as the trumpet-call of the last awful judgment. Under that spell of fear Aurelia had cowered like a conscience-stricken criminal, whose agonized ear detects the far-off steps of the men who come to drag him forth to the scaffold.

But now that the face was dead and still, lying under the sullen waters of the slow, oozy river—dead and still, never to rise again, accusing and avenging on this side of the tomb—never again, until one Great Day, when Aurelia vaguely knew that she must confront that face again, in the pitiless sondy light that no counterfeited could endure, and when the heart should give up its secrets, as the grave its prey. But that day was far distant, so Aurelia Darcy reasoned, and all immediate risk was at an end. She mended space. Her nerves were braced as her strength returned. There was no more feeble emotion such as she had lately shown. Harder than ever looked the classic beauty of her face; and her old smiles, and her old tones, and tricks of speech, and pretty majesty, were all restored.

Lord Lynn was allowed to see her, and all

the dimples about her mouth passed unnoted forth to welcome him, as she half timidly held out her hand. He pressed it warmly to his lips.

"I have come to ask for this dear hand," he said. "I wish you to forget all that happened on that night, my Aurelia—all but what we two said."

Aurelia's fingers returned the pressure of his. She looked up at him, as he bent over her, and her beautiful face was dressed in smiles, not all false ones.

"I have not forgotten!" she whispered, and then they were very silly and very happy, and lovers ought to be, only that Aurelia could not quite get rid of the one miserable thought, of the one dark memory. Do what she would, she saw before her eyes that wet white face, swollen and livid, deep down under the dark water of the river. But she rallied her courage, and played her part to the life. It was not all acting; she really liked Lord Lynn very much. She liked, not only Hollingdale and the fourteen thousand a year, not only the ancient peerage and high social rank, but Hastings Wyvill as well; though had he been a younger brother, her predilection might have been less decided. However, she seemed to Lord Lynn everything that was good, and sweet, and fair. He had suffered so much during her illness that his old doubts—whether, after all, had rested on no foundation—were swept away and lost to sight. To him she was the handsomest, cleverest, best of living women. He linked her image with his future life. She was to spur him on to noble exertion, to cheer him in defeat, to be the first to hail his triumphs, should he win triumphs, to be his true helpmate and stay in the course he had laid out for himself as an English peer. And Aurelia listened to his ardent recital of his day-dreams, not without sympathy. Her heart understood his motives, if her heart did not.

"He will be an earl," she thought to herself, as she smiled assent to her lover's confident projects for future benefits to be won, not for himself—he had no selfish aspirations—but for the poor and the suffering, by his toll in public life; "I am sure they will make him an earl."

But her smile was as bright and grand as if she had been as much engrossed by philanthropic projects as her future husband. Then in came George Darcy, and when he found how matters stood, it was evident that if the course of true love did not for once run smooth, the obstacle would not be caused by parental enmity. It would be untrue to say that the owner of Beechborough had never thought of the possibility of so brilliant a match for his daughter, but certainly he had never considered it probable, or near at hand; and when he learned the fact that Lord Lynn was anxious to place the son of Mr. Hanks could not hide his delight. He was capable at that moment of any absurdity, even of aping the "heavy father" of the stage, with his "bless ye, my children!" but Aurelia did not choose that he should make himself ridiculous, and Lord Lynn's tact soon put him at his ease. An hour or two, passed by very pleasantly; and then Lord Lynn remounted his horse, and turned towards Stoke. He had somewhat neglected his relations of late; he would make amends by being the first to communicate, in person, the news of his engagement.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## AN EAVESDROPPER.

"In the name of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, whosever will apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, the person or persons unknown, who on the night of the 13th of October, in this present year, at Beechborough Hall, in the parish of Holton and abire of Warwick, did discharge a pistol or other firearm, with intent feloniously to kill and slay, shall, on the conviction of the said person or persons, receive the reward of One Hundred Pounds. Information to be given to the Superintendent of County Police, at the Shirehall, Warwick."

The handbill which contained these words, printed in big black letters, and surrounded by the royal arms, lay spread on a block of chalk, while a man, the sole tenant, as it seemed, of the abandoned limekiln on Crowley Down, stooped forward and strained his eyes to read it by the waning light. Crowley Down overhangs one portion of the Blanchminster road, and from the Danish or British barrows on its crest, you can see the white wooden church-tower of Patcham village against the western sky. In the side of the steep hill has been scooped the old limekiln, and it looks neglected and uninviting enough. It has been long disused. The rough road that leads to it, once practicable for carts, is now overgrown with brambles, rank grass, and nettles; and though the place might afford some shelter to the homeless, gipsies and tramps, commonly prefer to pitch on a mole or two, rather than take up their quarters in a spot, where, as local legends declare, a foul murder was done.

Perhaps the man who was slowly perusing the handbill, was too much a stranger to Warwickshire to have heard of the dismal legend alluded to; but, at any rate, he had unconsciously himself in the second, or smaller and innermost recess, and was crouching just behind the brick-dove-jamb, whence the rusty iron door of the furnace had been rudely wrenched long ago, when the kiln was given up. The outer portion of the cave was larger, and had more light; but the occupant of the inner den seemed content to sit in the twilight gloom of his temporary abode, and to peruse the handbill by such feeble radiance as the autumn sun, fast going down behind black clouds, afforded him in the cave where he sat, like a wild beast in its lair. A young man yet, in spite of the forehead furrowed by premature lines, in spite of the sorrow, sickly complexion, and the stooping attitude. He was one of those wrecks of whom we say, with careless pity, that the object of our scrutiny must have been good-looking, once. And indeed, if the long black hair, matted and rusty, had been cared for, if the traces of hardship and sorrow could have been smoothed away from the haggard young face, and if the eyes had been less hard and wild in their expression, the wanderer might have been pronounced one whom women might look upon without dislike or fear. But not so, now.

Coarsely clad as this man was, in the red flannel shirt, suit of ill-made slacks, nailed boots, furled cap, and gaudy neck-handkerchief, which railway-laborers so often wear, neglected and forlorn as his appearance might be, there was still a lingering air of refinement that clung to him even in that rough disguise. That he was an educated person, few observers could have doubted, and his bony hands, with their long flexible fingers, were not those of a navvy, or indeed; of any one accustomed to earn bread by manual toil. For some minutes he sat staring at the handbill, and then recovering himself with a start, folded up the piece of printed paper, and thrust it into one of the gaping side-pockets of the coat he wore. Then he turned his head, and began fingering, purposelessly, as it seemed by his abstracted air, a little heap of objects that lay on the floor by his side. These objects comprised, among other things, a copper powder-flask, a loaf of bread, some fragments of cheese and scraps of bacon, a pocket-knife, some morsels of jagged lead, perhaps cut or torn from a window-frame, the stump of a pencil, and a thick roll of cartridge paper. Just beyond them lay a rough stick, freshly cut from the hedge, and to one end of which was loosely tied a bundle rolled up in a common blue handkerchief.

The owner of this incongruous property touched and stirred every one of these articles in turn, and as he mechanically. Then he took up a fragment of lead, and with the large blade of the knife, haggard and heeled at it, until he had separated about eight or ten small lumps of metal, about the size of swan-shot, and these he tightly screwed up in a piece of paper, and placed in his waistcoat pocket. Next, he took up the loaf, tore off a portion, and lifting it to his lips, along with some scraps of the cheese, began to eat ravenously. But his hunger was soon satisfied, or his mood changed, for he ceased eating as abruptly as he had begun, and, taking up the pencil and the roll of white paper, traced sketch after sketch upon it, listlessly bending over his work. It was no easy matter for even the best eyes to see the fine lines of a drawing in that twilight, but it was evident that the hand that held the pencil was a practiced and skillful one. The rough sketches produced were more outline, but the stamp of talent was upon them all. Here, a few pencil-strokes imagined forth the wild scenery of some mountain district, where the crags seemed to shut in the small lonely lake. There, rose into being the promontory of a half-barbarous village, picturesque and sinister, with its narrow bridge over a torrent, and its straggling collection of ruinous cabins. But more often the pencil was busy in imaging forth a face, now smiling in its fresh young beauty, now grave and sorrowful, now dead and still, with closed eyes and features at rest for ever, but always the face of a fair woman. There was merit and force in all these sketches, unfinished as they were, but the tenant of the cave struck his pencil across them, one by one, as he turned to a new subject. And presently he tore the paper across and across, rolled the torn scraps into pellets, and stamped on them with his heel, fiercely, loathingly, and as if he were crushing the life out of a dangerous reptile.

Then he laughed harshly, and drawing from under his clothes a canvas belt that he wore around his body, extracted from it nine or ten gold pieces—sovereigns—and a ring. The ring was a pretty little hoop of pearls, made for a lady's wear, evidently. The man counted out the golden coins, several times over, seeming to gloat over them and to measure out, mentally, the amount of their value. But when his eyes lit on the ring he frowned, and seemed for an instant as if about to set his heel on the costly toy, and crush it as he had crushed the paper. Then his humor changed, and he pressed the little ring to his lips, and kissed it wildly, passionately, as a bereaved mother kisses the clay shoe, the broken plaything, that remind her of her lost darling. There were tears in the man's eyes, and he muttered incoherent scraps of fond talk, and rocked himself to and fro, murmuring the while. Next, he replaced the money and ring in the belt, carefully readjusted it around him, and untying the handkerchief, thrust the food and the other articles into the bundle, retied it, and, taking up the stick, prepared to quit the limekiln.

At that moment the blackening sky seemed to be rent asunder, and a broad yellow flash lit up the whole horizon, while after a few seconds came the deep-toned diapason of the thunder, echoing among the chalk-pits, and the rain dashed down in huge flat drops, and a cold, moist wind rushed howling into the cave. The wayfarer changed his purpose of going forth, and sank back into his old place, yet less with the air of one who feared danger or inconvenience from the storm, than as if he looked on the elemental war without as a spectacle that interested him. Shading his eyes with one thin hand, he watched the flashes as they gleamed, now in forked streams of dazzling light, now in sheets of flame, against the swarthy cloud-bank. The rain came hissing down, and lashed the stones around, and the darkness increased.

"In with you, Nick! Any port is a storm!" cried an almost breathless voice outside; and two men rushed into the outer compartment of the kiln, stamping with their heavy boots upon the floor, and shaking the wet from them like water-dogs on the bank of a river. The tenant of the inner den drew back behind the projecting wall, and sat motionless and silent, after one stolen glance at the intruders, whose eyes, unused to the gloom of the cave, and half blinded by the lightning, had been unable to discern him. One of these men was Nicholas Brown, the evil-eyed son of the reputed witch who kept the toll-bar on the Blanchminster road; the other was a little sunburnt man, wiry and active, with the keen face of a terrier. He was miserably dressed in cotton slops, such as many working-men wear in summer, but which formed but unseasonable wear for the chill time of the autumn rains, and he was wet to the skin, while the dust on his shoes had caked to mud. His hair was cropped in strict conformity to prison rules, and he was a woe-begone object, but his demeanor was bold and brusque, and Nicholas Brown spoke to him with a sort of deference, as if the little man were the more mounting spirit of the two.

For awhile their conversation mainly consisted of a running-fire of oaths; but when the clay pipes they both carried were charged and lighted, the soothing influence of the tobacco exerted its effects, and they relapsed into silence. The small man was the first to break that silence.

"You've bungled the job, Nick, that's as clear as a glass of Old Tom, and don't I wish I had it here, just now. A fellow hankers after a drop of comfort, mewed up with crank and chaplains in that 'ere Temperance Hotel at Wakefield, where I've been spending the summer, and this wetting tops it all. But tell me how it came about. Who blew the gas?"

"Why, nobody," growled Brown; "the young lady came over on the Friday morning, precious early, and we came to terms, mother, and her, and me; and if we'd had any luck the cove would have been stowed away, that same night. But he never come back. Went away, arter breakfast, and never come back, and left

the money for his week's lodging on the table. Never a word did he say to mother, nor yet to Sally, and from that day to this, cracked or not, we never set eyes on him."

The other ruffian took a few contemplative whiffs at his pipe. Then he spoke: "So you told the girl you couldn't do the trick she wanted of you, was that it?"

Mr. Brown rapped out a big oath: "No, that was one of the old woman's dodges. She is a deep one. Says she, once we tell the young Miss we're done, she'll draw her purse-strings tight, and what good would that do us? This here hankercher, says mother, was to be sent to Miss as a sign all was serene. Well and good. We'll send the hankercher, and if so be we can collar that chap, we will collar him. If not, we'll just make a pretence of havin' got him, and it'll go hard but we not another tanner, says the old lady. Ain't she a deep one?" And Mr. Brown pointed his finger enthusiastically by a fresh oath. His companion waited a moment before he said:

"Did you give Jean the office?"

"No, I didn't," grumbled Nicholas; "cuss why, Jean's in quod. Got into trouble about some linen off old Dame Motherst's hedge, like a fool. And the other cove's gone on tramp. So you may guess how jolly glad I was to see you coming along; and says I to myself, Game Dick's out of the Yorkshire stone-jug, and he's the pal for me. So I told you all about, didn't I, old fellow?"

"Ay, and a good job for you, my lad. You're not got a handspike to do much good of yourself, and if Mother Brown's tidy shop, she's spoiled by respectability," was Game Dick's understating remark. "I take it for granted the hanger shot at the young lady, and from that time to deomday you'll not get a tanner, unless I help you."

Nicholas Brown growled out something about his friend's superior acuteness, and added that he wanted to ask for hush-money; but that his mother, anxious for her good name, was against any attempt at extorting money by threats, especially since no evidence existed. Game Dick took time to consider.

"Young lady's well again, is she?"

"Right as a trivet!" returned Mr. Brown, replenishing his pipe. A slight noise, caused by a sudden motion on the part of the stranger, had reached the sharp ears of Game Dick, who hurriedly said: "Ware savedrappers! did you hear that?"

Brown gave a lazy laugh.

"Only a bit of chalk, or a scrap of mortar, maybe, tumbling out of its place. You don't know this kiln as well as we Warwick chaps. Why, there ain't a cadger goes this road would sleep here for a gold guinea, ever since old Sam's throat was cut by his 'prentice and his servant wench, high forty-five years back. They never found where Sam hid the stocking of money, though." And Mr. Brown smoked on, probably meditating on the lost treasure for which so much trouble had been taken, long ago.

All this time the thunder had been roaring, the arrowy lightning rushing across the sky, and the rain beating the earth. But the storm was abating, and its fury had much diminished before Game Dick spoke again:

"Nick, lad," said he, "do you ever feel a longing, in your dreams for instance, to have done with the cross lay once and for all, and to be an honest man?"

Words, for some moments were insufficient to express the stupefaction of Mr. Brown. He broke his pipe, expectorated vigorously, pulled off his hat and scratched his shaggy head.

"Bless my eyes!" he said at last, only the word bless is a mere modification for the energetic expletive which Mr. Brown really employed. "Game Dick turned Method—Game Dick pattering all that parson's gammon!" And he beat his hat with his broad hand, furiously.

His friend resumed, unmoved by this display of astonishment.

"Nick Brown, you're a fool. Which is best off, a rich chap on the square, with his crib and his pair-horse trap, and his wife and kids in satin and silk, or you and me? I've had time to think, in that jug at Wakefield. If I can get money, off I start for America and begin the world, and no more of this work, if I know it. Now, if we could get a matter of nine hundred pounds between the three of us?"

"Eh! what! why, what are you talking about?" cried Brown, much excited.

To this his more astute friend made answer that if they could only lay hands, secretly, upon Mrs. Brown's late lodger, they should have the ball of fortune at their feet, or, as the graduate of Wakefield jail termed it, the cards in their own hands. Lord Lynn had offered a sum of five hundred, which government had supplemented by a reward of one hundred, and Mr. Darcy of another hundred. In all, seven hundred pounds might be earned by the apprehender of the person who had attempted the life of Aurelia Darcy.

"Seven hundred pounds, not nine. Still it's a tidy lump; but I'd rather not go into court for it. The coves in wigs do ferret a chap about so. Something awkward might come out," said Brown ruefully. His friend's answer was cheerful.

"You nunny, you! You shan't go into court, nor yet see a councillor's wig. Don't you see how the cat jumps? The young lady was awful anxious, warn't she, to get that lodger of Mrs. Brown's hid out of sight. Why so? That's her business; but if she offered you a hundred as I'd offer a pal a screw of tobacco, no doubt she'd pay a precious sight more, or her dad would, to keep things quiet. She's to be married to that young lord, I understand, two months from this, and—there's somebody listening!"

And up the fellow sprang, with a curse, and hurried towards the inner part of the cave, whence a loud and startling noise, caused by the upsetting of a boulder of chalk, overthrown by some incautious movement of the stranger within it, had proceeded. The ruffian could just distinguish a dark form crouching within; but in the next moment he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol touch his cheek, and the quick snap of a percussion-cap followed. The weapon had missed fire, and Game Dick, who was really a bold scoundrel, struggled with his enemy, and a desperate grapple ensued.

"Help, Nick, help! or he'll choke me. He's got his knuckles in my neck hankercher," gasped the thief, gurgling and panting for breath. Then followed a short confused noise of violent trampling and scuffling, and then the sound of a blow such as a butcher strikes in the shambles, and which was succeeded by a groan, and the heavy fall of a human body among the chalk-boulders.

"I believe it's our queer lodger," said Brown, striking a light, and examining the face of the fallen man by the blue glare of the match;

"Yes, it is. What a lot of fight the cove has in him. Lucky I'd got my knobby in my pocket." So saying, Mr. Brown thrust the murderous-looking combination of lead and whiststone, fleetly called a life-preserver, back into the baggy side-pocket of his velvetown coat, and ignited another match.

"You've hit him too hard," said Game Dick; "too hard by half. We shall have Old Murrage own trouble to get the thing backed up, and as for our reward, that tap on the crown has taken of our chance into account."

"No, no, he's only stunned. But what's to be done now?" asked Nicholas Brown, staring at his weighted "knobby," as if he thought it a pity not to complete the job he had so easily begun.

"What's to be done, now, you green sander?" scornfully repeated Game Dick, as he cast a keen glance at the small patch of darkness on the floor, through the low-browed arch of the door; "why, knock off our fortunes, in course. Won't we ready to hunt this chap high and low, and haven't we got him now, and a bargain too, if it wasn't for the cove on my windpipe. The year hankercher round his foot, as—now this light—fatten his white together—better than handspike—gag him—that him say that belongs to his bundle will do for that, with a bit of stick to keep the teeth from chewing—hate's some string—all right. Now, we'll carry him down between us, you taking the head and I the feet, and he can't hawl out, even if he gets over this distance you gave him, before we get him into Mother Brown's cellar."

Nicholas Brown, galvanised into activity by the energy of his accomplice, lent his aid in binding and gagging the prisoner, operations which the more adroit ruffian executed with much dexterity. Still he hesitated.

"It's dark, to be sure, and there's no moon, but we might meet somebody, and perhaps the police. Suppose we're asked what we're doing?"

"Then," rejoined Game Dick, readily, "we'll say it's one of our mates has had a drop, and hurt his head tumbling over the public-house fender. Here's my coat. Lay that over the chap, and no-one can see that we've tied his feet together. Come along."

And as the Down is at no great distance from the turnpike, and the prospect of gain spurred this precious pair of friends to exertion, the captive, helpless as a calf on its way to the butcher's, was dragged into Mrs. Brown's kitchen, and allowed to drop on the stone floor, evoking a scream from Sally, the girl of fourteen, daughter of William Brown, serving his time at Bermuda in Her Majesty's hulks.

"Hold your tongue, wench?" growled Nicholas, who was but a harsh uncle, and always harsh with his juniors; "get up-stairs with you, and mind you keep mumchance about anything you see me do, unless you want your neck wrung." The girl slunk off, and Mrs. Brown came clinking out of the yard, in patens.

"Lads, lads, what tricks are you playing? Why, Richard Flowerdew—why, Game Dick, see here and what's this one?"

And here Mrs. Brown's voice grew shrill and excited, and she forgot her respectability, and pounced on the prey.

"The lodger—the lodger! Now you're as good as dug up a pot of gold, for the young lady must pay now, and we can make her pay, too, and then there's the guvment reward—but the squire's daughter will be the best one to trust to, I'll warrant her."

"Well done, missus! Hit the right nail on the head, in a trice, she has!" cried Game Dick, admiringly, while Nicholas smote his knee with his heavy palm, and took a succession of grim oaths that his parent was up to a thing or two, and a regular deep one. But Mrs. Brown soon remembered her respectability, which was the mask under which she lived, and was most anxious to be informed how her son and his friend had got possession of the prisoner, and whether any farmer or cottager had seen them conveying the apparently inanimate body towards the turnpike.

"Missus, no one saw us," said Game Dick, impressively; "but, I say, this chap's weak and low. Nick hit him very hard, but it was when he was throttling the very soul out of yours truly, and Nick did it for the best. If that pistol of his hadn't snapped fire—but that's done, and need not be raked up. I've been putting my hand on his heart—it's as weak in its beating as a dyin' sheep's, and he can hardly breathe for the gas, and may go off, and cheat us. So if them lodgings below ground are ready, and you've a drop of spirits handy—"

The widow did not wait for the conclusion of the speech. She took a black bottle and a glass from a cupboard, seized a candle, and lifted a heavy trap-door, or rather a wooden flap, that covered a flight of brick steps leading downwards to some cellar or pit. A moist air rose from the vault, and made the candle flicker. Nicholas and Game Dick between them carried their captive down the steps, until they reached a large square excavation, dimly lighted by a small glazed window, grated over with iron.

"Hard and fast!" cried Nick Brown, as they laid the helpless form upon a heap of shavings in one corner; "I think he'll not leave these apartments quite so easily as the others. Hard and fast!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Relieving Guard—March 4th, 1864.

[The following verses from the San Francisco Golden Era, were suggested by the death of Thomas Starr King:]

Came the Relief. "What, Sentry, ho!"

How passed the night through thy long waking?

"Cold, cheerless, dark—as may be left."

"The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight! no sound?" "No; nothing save"

The plover from the marshes calling;

And in yon Western sky, about

An hour ago, a Star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."

"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,

Somewhere it seemed to me that God,

Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

FRANK BEL HARTY.

FLOWER CULTURE.—Thousands of acres of soil are annually planted to flowers in France and Italy, for making perfume alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 6,000 pounds rose flowers, 20,000 pounds each of jasmine and tube-rose, 40,000 pounds of violet blossoms, besides thousands of pounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, &c., and he is but one of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture.

The prettiest female hood—Girlhood.



## THE GALLOP FOR LIFE.

A TEXAN ADVENTURE.

Among the many captains who obtained notoriety for their bravery and skill in Indian fighting, few were further known, or better liked, than Captain Lewis. "Legs Lewis," as he was familiarly called by his band, was a very tall thin man, standing at least six feet four in his stocking feet; and his legs, from his appearance of make, looking unusually long, and these obtained for him the sobriquet by which he was known far and wide. This length of legs, too, had made him a marked man by his tawny foes, and there were few Comanche warriors who had been for any time upon the war-path but had seen Legs trying his horse to lead his company in their pursuit.

Legs Lewis's Rangers were scouting near the head-waters of the Rio San Marcos, one of the largest tributaries of the Rio Grande, when the following hard gallop was performed by the captain:

For some weeks the hunters, in their daily excursions after game, had come across no trail, or "Indian sign," and, supposing that the Indians were on the buffalo grounds, farther to the north-west, or else attacking the Mexicans in the state of Chihuahua, Legs concluded that he might turn the troop over for a few days to his lieutenant, whilst he ran down to Seguin, a town on the Guadalupe river, about fifty miles to the south-west, where he had business.

The sun was some hours high on this October morning before Legs had finished tying to his saddle his spare blanket, his tin cup, which served sometimes to dip up water from a stream with, or to hold his coffee in, and a little wallet, which contained an ounce or two of parched coffee pounded in a piece of buckskin, a pinch of salt, a few red capicum pods, and some strips of jerked venison—which Spartan fare he intended to serve for his supper and breakfast, hoping to reach Seguin about the middle of the following day. Legs Lewis was a hardy, temperate young man, and he paid far more attention to the loading of his revolver, and their extra cylinders, than he did to provisioning himself for his journey. His last orders given, and a shake of the hand all round to his comrades, he mounted, and, holding a south-westerly course, struck out across the prairie, hoping to make the Guadalupe timber before sundown, where he could build his camp-fire; and then, skirting the forest, the next day he knew would bring him to Seguin.

About two hours before sundown he struck the timber on a small creek which joined the main forest on the Guadalupe; and in turning a point of this wood, which stretched out some little distance into the prairie, he came suddenly upon a war party of Comanches, about one hundred strong. Legs saw that he was discovered; the same instant that his eyes fell upon the painted warriors, a score of their black eyes were turned upon him. His peril flashed through his mind no quicker than did his resolution how it should best be met. To retreat was almost to ensure his capture and death; for although his charger was a good one, he had ridden him a long distance, and he doubted whether he could escape his pursuers in a fair race across the open prairie for the two hours which yet remained of daylight. If he could only elude the redskins till the sun went down, he had no doubt that, as there was no twilight, he should be able to effect his escape easily enough when once it became dark.

The timber upon the creek was too narrow to offer him any hope of concealment, and he saw at once that his one chance depended upon his reaching the great forest on the Guadalupe; once in that, and the sun below the horizon, he was too good a woodsman to care for the yelling Indians in his rear. The Indians, however, were between him and the forest of the Guadalupe, and to make a *detour*, to "round them," was hazardous, for he had no doubt the party would divide, so that whilst one division chased him upon the prairie, the other would keep before, to cut him off from his shelter; he had not had to do with Indians so long without knowing how readily they would divine his intentions. All these thoughts, which take time to describe, flashed instantly through the brain of a man who was constantly exposed to danger, and accustomed to rely upon himself for protection, and he saw in an instant the right thing to do, and he did it. Not doubting that more than one of his enemies had recognized him as the leader of a corps of Texan Rangers, who would scarcely be expected to be alone, or far from his men, Legs coolly turned his horse sideways to the Indians, and waved his hand as though beckoning to his troop to hurry up. After giving two or three quick motions with his hand, he drew and cocked a six-shooter; then, putting spurs to his horse, charged full at his enemies, giving, as he came at them, his war-cry, which many of them had heard before.

The race succeeded; for, between their attention to the desperate man who charged them so fiercely, and the expectation of seeing his troop of buck-skinned warriors come pouring round the point, the Indians were so surprised that they forgot to unclog their lances, though a few let slip their arrows at him as he passed through them, discharging his six-shooter as quickly as he could, and with that unerring skill which constant practice gives. Their surprise only lasted for a few seconds; but, short as it was, it had been sufficient to enable Legs to break through his foes. Seeing that their tall antagonist kept his course for the distant forest, and that no band of rangers rounded the point, the savages saw that they had been duped very cleverly, and that they might now, perhaps, capture their hated foe. No time was lost by the Indians; as soon as they perceived the truth, they stretched out at their horses' head speed, yelling their war-cry. "How-pow-poo-oo-ah!" But this, which would have sadly tried the nerves of any one unaccustomed to it, had no effect upon Legs, except to warn him that the savages had found out the trick, and were now in eager pursuit. He had gained at least four hundred yards by his ruse, and this he hoped to keep from the main body of his pursuers. As to now and then one detaching the rear, and coming pretty close to him, this caused Legs no uneasiness; for though he had emptied one six-shooter in his charge, he had yet the other, and the extra cylinders, making altogether eighteen shots more in defence; and even the discharged cylinders might be reloaded—for he and all the rangers practiced this at full speed—if he was not pressed too closely. For about the first two miles he kept his lead of about four hundred yards, after which the Indians began to lessen the distance between them; for the ranger's horse, one of the best for speed and endurance upon the

frontier, had had a long journey, whilst the Indians' mounts were comparatively fresh. Over one prairie roll after another Legs urged his horse, and the Indian blue forest in the distance became each minute better defined, and soon the taller tree tops and giant branches were out out clearly against the glowing sky made by the sinking sun. Hope rose high in Legs's heart as he saw himself drawing so close to the forest, and rage possessed the savages, for fear he should gain its shelter, and with the aid of night escape their vengeance; so they goaded on their horses with their quirts (raw hide whips), and, in some instances, the points of their knives, to overtake the fugitive.

About one mile remained to be crossed before the welcome refuge would be reached, and the best mounted of the savages strained every nerve to overtake their prey. Ever as one approached too near, the pursued, turning in his saddle, either menaced with his pistol, the leading savage, or, if within reach, stopped him with a bullet. In that last mile he said he discharged his pistol eleven times, so closely was he pressed; and so desperate had the savages become to capture him, that they forgot their Comanche maxim, "It is better to lose five feet than one warrior."

At last, after a hard gallop for nine miles (he rode the distance afterwards to ascertain its length), he plunged into the forest, and about the same time the sun went down. Having gained, as he supposed, a safe distance, he dismounted, loosened the girth of his saddle and allowed his horse to recover its wind, and after that to graze a little; but he never left his hold upon the reins, nor relieved his senses from their strain, listening to every sound in the forest, to the dull sighing of the wind through the branches, and especially to the hooting of the owl, for these birds are easily imitated, and their cry is often made use of as a signal by Indian scouts. As soon as his pistols were loaded, and his horse sufficiently rested, Legs led him carefully to the edge of the forest, pausing often to listen for any sound which might warn or guide him. Once outside the forest, he mounted, and took his course for Seguin, where he arrived soon after daylight the following morning, without any further adventure.

## The Slighted Maiden.

M. P., an old soldier of stern and unyielding disposition, decided to marry his son to the daughter of a fellow companion in arms. The young man had conceived other projects, and contracted another engagement. But, through excessive timidity, poor Arthur did not dare openly to resist the commands of his father, whose first words had been so brutally overwhelming, that he passed all the time between the engagement and the wedding, doing nothing but sighing deeply. Miss Emma L., took his melancholy for classic symptoms of love, and began to adore him more than ever. On the morning of the wedding, they repaired to the house of the magistrate; Arthur was sad, reserved, and seemed to have formed some desperate resolution. Emma was in raptures.

Monsieur, the Mayor of C., the preliminaries being over, addressed the bridegroom the customary question:

"Arthur P., do you consent to take Emma L. for your wife?"

Arthur slowly raised his head, and in a voice choked by emotion, but full and resolute, replied:

"No!"

General excitement, scandal and scenes of confusion prevailed. They separated in disorder, the indignant parents demanded an explanation from M. P., the father, who seemed struck with apoplexy. As for Arthur, he escaped and left for Paris.

Some days after, a young lady ascended the stairs of a furnished hotel, Rue Saint Honore. She had inquired of the porter for M. Arthur P., who had arrived the evening previous. It was Emma come to Paris with her father and M. P., in search of her affianced who had so shamefully insulted her; but she was alone now. She rapped at the door of No. 17, and entered without waiting for an answer. The young man was lying down reading a newspaper. Emma walked directly up to the bed, and drawing from under her shawl an enormous horse-pistol, which doubtless, she had stolen from her father.

"Sir," said she to Arthur, her eyes flashing fire, "you have insulted me; I demand satisfaction; that satisfaction I exact pistol in hand. Let us return to the Mayor of C., both in wedding attire; he will put you the usual question; you will say 'yes,' I will say 'no.'"

Emma brandished her pistol in both hands. It was an argument. But, after all, it was only her right, or nearly so; at least such was Arthur's opinion. He consented, and left the same evening with his father, who gnashed his teeth all the way. They appeared again before the Mayor—the same magistrate. Arthur boldly answered "yes," and prepared his countenance, always bashful enough, in order to hear the reply of his betrothed.

The Mayor continued:—"Emma L., do you consent?" Emma answered "yes," in the most natural tone imaginable.

M. P., the father, is delighted, and feels assured that a union commenced under such auspices will end in a fairy tale!

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.—At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one, M. de X., is a bachelor, the other, M. de Y., just married. "Well," said the one to the other, "how do you get along in your new condition?" "Ah! my dear, there is nothing like being married. You cannot imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming." "Now I understand," was the happy retort of X., "why your sentences are so short." This conversation quickly spread through Paris. From that time forth the public as the thermometer of his conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. Y. was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y. But gradually the periods elongated, the phrases were more involved, the paragraphs were inflated, the honey-moon was passed! At last Madame Y. opened the journal edited by M. Y., and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried: "What! but a single paragraph in the whole article. Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow."—*Non Jura.*

## Anecdotes of Dogs.

The intelligence of dogs is so commonly greater than that of other animals as to have induced some speculative writers to assume, on behalf of these animals, the existence of a faculty different from mere instinct, and approaching in character, if not identical with, the faculty of reasoning in man. Be this as it may, the faces of dogs are more expressive of the intelligence of different varieties and different individuals, than are the faces of any other animals. If the testimony of dog authors be worth the paper consumed in recording it, the rough-coated dogs stand generally higher in the grade of canine intelligence than their smooth-coated competitors. Having proclaimed, in obedience to the highest authorities in these matters, the existence of a certain mental superiority on the part of rough-haired dogs, it may be as well to call to mind a few of the canine varieties, and see, by reference to them, to what extent the allegation is justly founded. Remember, then, that ordinary sporting spaniels belong to the rough-coated race, and, in respect of these, any sportsman will testify to the possession of a greater general intelligence than belongs to their smooth-coated associates in sport—the pointers. We must except toy spaniels from the intelligent race. They are mostly stupid dogs; but, poor thing, their stupidity, as well as their diminutive size, is the result of non-natural conditions. Resuming our glance at the curly dogs, the magnificent Newfoundlanders—only a sort of big spaniel—comes in for notice. To expiate on their remarkable intelligence would be time thrown away; but, considered as to general ability, general mental endowments—as we may say, expressing ourselves in a canine sense—even the Newfoundlanders must yield precedence to the poodle. Of all clever dogs poodles are the cleverest, on which account they are mostly chosen to perform in exhibitions. Most of us, I dare say, have seen clever dogs go up ladders, come down ladders, dance, walk on tight-ropes, turn somersaults, roll globes on shaky planks, and trench in other ways on the fields of art cultivated by Messrs. Blondin, Leonard, Bolemo, and their confederates. In all these cases, so far as our observation extends, the performers have been poodles. Meaning no offence to Messrs. Blondin, Leonard, and Bolemo, we must nevertheless affirm our belief in the proposition that there do exist acts and operations requiring the exercise of higher intellectual powers than those involved in somersaulting, trapeze-swinging, and rope-dancing; whence, by parity of reasoning, we are led to affirm that talking, singing, and philosophically meditative dogs, stand higher in our estimation than do the acrobatic, rope-walking, trapeze-dance, and ladder-climbing, or, as Dr. Johnson were said to have written, "scales-and-scandals" dogs. One instance at least is recorded of a talking dog. We have never had the pleasure to fall in with a dog of this kind; therefore the reader must come to his own conclusions about talking dogs, after having studied the evidence we shall presently supply. We certainly did once go to hear a dog sing. If a categorical answer cannot be given, yes or no, were to be insisted upon, we should hardly know how to acquit ourselves conscientiously. Assuredly the vocalist did appear: there was no apologetic excuse; there was no pretence of cold, bronchitis, or—that wonderful plea of dubious meaning—"indisposition." The instrument, an accordion, did strike up; a poodle dog did sing in; but whether he sang or did not sing depends very much upon what we choose to call singing.

And now about a talking dog, the evidence concerning which is by no means despicable. According to Leibnitz, who communicated the account to the Royal Academy of France, a certain dog belonging to a Saxon peasant could call, in an intelligible manner, for tea, coffee, chocolate, etc. The history of the case was as follows:—The boy fancied he perceived some indications in his dog of an ability to speak; he thereupon began to educate him. When first taken in hand he was about three years old. The animal did not like learning, and played the truant when he could. It was necessary that the words should be pronounced each time, after which he would repeat them. Leibnitz testified to having himself heard the dog talk in this way; the exhibition having taken place at Miesitz, in Saxony.

Even more extraordinary, to our apprehension, than the very limited power of talking just recorded, is the record of intellectual display made by some learned poodles belonging to a French gentleman called Leonard. The editor of the "Lancet," having heard of the abilities of M. Leonard's dogs called upon them and their master in order to ascertain for himself. We should here remark that M. Leonard was a private French gentleman, not an exhibitor of his dogs for gain.

Two dogs, Brace and Philax, being formally introduced to the editor, bowed very gracefully, and then seated themselves on the hearth-rug by his side. The introduction over, M. Leonard spoke to his dogs in French, ordering one of them to walk, the other to lie down, gallop, halt, crouch, etc., which they performed without a fault, and with the docility of children. They then, on receiving their master's order, went through some circus feats, performing as well as the best trained ponies at Astley's. He next placed six cards of different colors upon the floor, and, sitting with his back to the dogs, directed one to pick up the blue card, the other the white card, varying his orders rapidly. For instance, M. Leonard said, "Philax, take the red card and give it to Brace; and Brace, take the white card and give it to Philax." The dogs instantly did this, and changed cards with each other. "Philax, put your card on the green; Brace, put yours on the blue." Were the next orders, at once executed. Pieces of bread and meat were next put upon the floor, with figured cards, and a variety of directions were given to the dogs, so as to put their intelligence and obedience to a severe test. They brought the meat, bread, or cards, as commanded. Philax was next ordered to bring a piece of meat and give it to Brace; then Brace was told to give it back to Philax, who was to return it to its place. Philax was next told he might bring a piece of bread and eat it; but, before he had time to swallow it, his master countermanded the order, and bade him prove he had not disobeyed; whereupon Philax opened his mouth and showed the bread unswallowed.

This part of the exhibition over, M. Leonard invited a gentleman to play a game of dominoes with one of his dogs. The human player intentionally played a false move; the dog looked surprised, stared very earnestly, growled, and finally barked angrily. No notice being taken of the remorselessness, he pushed aside the wrong domino with his nose; then took up a suitable

one of his own, and played it instead. The human player then played correctly, but the dog won the game. This is a very extraordinary record, so the reader cannot fail to allow, and it is perfectly well attested.

## A Dutch Romance.

The Paris journals relate the following story in regard to the interpreter of the Japanese Embassy, now in Paris:—

Frantz Blockman was a native of Holland, but being of a roving disposition, embarked on board of a vessel bound to Batavia to seek his fortune. Years passed by, and nothing being heard of him, his friends at last concluded that some accident must have befallen him, and that he was dead. His father had remained in Holland, but being unsuccessful in business, he came to Paris. Here his resources soon failed him, and writing to a friend for a small loan, he received the following letter in reply:—"I send you the money you ask for, and add to it the photographic portraits of the Japanese Embassy. You will remark the face of one of these strangers, for he is the very image of your son."

The father could not perceive the resemblance; the features were certainly the same, but the closely shaven head and Oriental costume greatly puzzled him. He, however, went to the courtyard of the hotel in which the Embassy was staying, and was so fortunate as to arrive just as the Japanese were passing to go out. The original of the portrait he at once recognized, and called out, "Is that you, Frantz?" In a moment the son—for Frantz it really was—and the old man were locked in each other's arms. The Ambassadors, who witnessed the scene, were greatly moved; and old Blockman's troubles were now at an end, as the son is wealthy and prosperous.

## A Yankee Notion.

An American capitalist came to me not many months since, says a sculptor, and opened the conversation by saying: "Sir, your name is Robeson." I admitted my name was Robeson. "And you are a sculptor," said he. I admitted this fact also, substituting sculptor.

"Sir," continued he, "I will give you a commission. I bowed, and begged him to be seated. "Robeson, sir," said he, drawing a paper from his pocket, "I am a remarkable man. I was born in the vi-r-i-ous of Boston city, and began life by selling matches at five cents the bunch. I am worth, at this moment, a million of dollars." I bowed again, and said I was glad to hear it. "Sir," he went on to say, "how I aimed that million of dollars—how from selling matches I came to running of errands; to taking care of a horse; to trading in dogs, tobacco, cotton, corn, and sugar; and how I came to be the man that I am—you'll find all made out on this paper—dates and facts correct. Sir, it's a very remarkable statement." I replied that I had no doubt of it; but that I could not see what it had to do with the matter in hand. "Sir," said my capitalist—"everything. I wish to perpetuate my name. You have a pretty thing, sir, here in Rome—a pillar with a procession twisting up all around it, and a figure up at the top. I think you call it Trajan's column. Now, Robeson, sir, I wish you to make me one exactly like it—same height, same size, and money no object. You shall represent my career in all my vi-r-i-ous trades—a twist-ling round the column, beginning with the small chap selling matches at five cents the bunch, and ending with a full-length figure of me on the summit, with one hand thrust in my bosom, and the other under my coat-tails!"

REPENTANCE AT LEISURE.—The Chicago Tribune says that at a picture gallery in Kenosha, Wisconsin, the subject of marriage was sportively discussed by a party of young ladies and gentlemen gathered there. Among the gentlemen was a lieutenant of an Illinois cavalry regiment (the 19th), and among the ladies was a Miss M., daughter of one of the oldest settlers. They proposed to get married to see how it would seem. Just then a magistrate came in. Shoulder-straps asked the squire if he would marry him. He said yes, if he could find any lady to have him. Miss M.—jumped up, and said she would have him. The justice instructed them to stand up and take hold of hands. The usual questions were asked and answered, and in five minutes they were man and wife. Then came the serious part of the joke. When the new-made bride found she was really a bride her laugh turned to tears. Her lawful husband wished her to go to his hotel with him, but she fled to her own home. Her parents, nearly distracted, appealed to the justice to undo what he had done; but were informed that the statutes of Wisconsin gave him no authority to separate man and wife. Night came on. The bride was kept at home and the husband forbidden to enter the house. He is determined to have his lawful wife. She and her whole family are in great distress. Such matters stand at the present moment.

A WELL-PRESERVED NATIVE.—The *Daily Union*, published at Virginia, Nevada Territory, says that the remains of an Indian were lately found in the immense salt-field near Sand Springs, about eighty miles from that city, completely embedded in rock-salt, four feet below the surface. The body was in a state of complete preservation, and, from appearances, had lain in the same position for many years, or perhaps for ages. The flesh was perfectly dry, like that of a mummy, and it was evident that it had been perfectly saturated with brine, which prevented its decay. The Indian was about the usual size, and resembled the Putes that now inhabit the same locality. Part of a bear-skin and a rude bow were found near by, and at a distance of a few yards a pair of elk-horns of enormous size were disinterred. The supposition is that this entire salt-bed was once a lake, and that the animal that had been wounded had taken refuge in the water, whither he was followed by the Indian, who sank in the mud at the bottom, and was unable to extricate himself, and thus perished.

MATRIMONY.—When a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is: "Are you able to pay the charges?" That is to say, when you have got her? What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women of all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question! "Marriage is not made of mushrooms, but of good round cake," is one of the witty sayings by which our ancestors conveyed the same prudence.

## The Amusements of Animals.

In writing of an universal provision for the happiness of the animal creation, Paley quaintly says he is at a loss to find amusement for cockles and oysters. Not having such experience as to the hidden life of these inert beings, we shall not now attempt to investigate the fact as to whether or not the mollusk is capable of positive enjoyment. With all due deference, however, to the opinions of many learned authors, both ancient and modern, as to the alleged fact that happiness in animals is simply a result of their blind obedience to certain laws of nature, we cannot but conclude from our own observation, however faulty it may be, that the majority of the higher animals experience from external circumstances a degree of positive pleasure little inferior to that felt by the human being in the enjoyment of his most favorite recreations. As an example of this, we cannot do better than to quote an anecdote lately told us by a friend, concerning a favorite pony, whose love of the chase was so great that the animal, when confined, would break through all restraints when a hunt was going on, and follow the hounds, despite all obstacles, coming in riderless at the death, as regularly and proudly as he ever had been accustomed to do under the guidance of his and rider.

When we hear a sporting dog's yell of delight at sight of the flowing pack, can we for a moment doubt that the animal's pleasure in field sports is well nigh equal to that experienced by his master. It may be argued, however, that such demonstration is simply the result of our dog's delight in being newly freed from his kennel, or the mere physical enjoyment of his exercise. Doubtless, such causes have much to do with the animal's pleasure, but we think we can trace a difference in the degree of happiness he expresses in only going out for a run, and his unbounded delight in seeing any preparation for his favorite sport. The exuberance of vitality peculiar to young animals may account for the kitten's frolics, the lamb's graceful gambols, and a thousand pretty entertainments we love to watch in the young quadruped families which surround us. Not only, however, do young animals thus enjoy themselves; their staid parents have also sports and pastimes, into which they enter with unmistakable gusto. To our own personal knowledge, an old cat, now in our possession, lately kept a mouse as a *plaything* in the room we occupy. For some time the mouse would only venture slyly forth, occasionally to steal a few morsels from the cat's dish; finally, however, gaining confidence from the evident absence of all hostile intentions on Tom's part, the tiny animal would at length come boldly forth from its hole, sitting in the middle of our cat's dish with the most amusing impudence and *smug* frown. Soon, however, in evident good part, the cat pounced tiger-like upon the little intruder, which, carelessly retreating a few feet, returned again to its meal, to be repelled anew in the same good-natured and totally harmless fashion. So often, indeed, was this amiable proceeding repeated, that at last the mouse came daily forth—even in the absence of Tom's tempting dish, as if to indulge pass in the little game which evidently gave him so much entertainment. Nor was the mouse ever once punished for its temerity. Tom's weapons of offence being always withdrawn close to his soft, velvet paws whenever they arrested the tiny thief in the act of its petty larceny. In this case it seems evident that the cat's love of amusement was stronger than his natural inclination to kill or disable his victim. Who has not found amusement in watching a game at *cham battie* between two cats, the mimic belligerents now eying each other from their respective places of ambush with the most comical expression of feigned fierceness, again luring the mock enemy forth by stratagem, till the victor, making one final desperate rally, leaves the weaker combatant in a state of apparent prostration, both at last coming to a perfect armistice, expressed by an amiable process of mutual licking.

Nor are these charming revels confined to the frolicsome kitten—grave old cats and dogs, like their master, man, doubtless require their seasons of recreation, which seem well-nigh as needful to them as their daily food. With what evident excitement dogs will eat, as plainly as dog-language can speak, for a repetition of the stick or stone thrown for their amusement. On occasions when the rifle volunteers have met in our meadows, we have seen the cows and horses assemble in crowds to listen to the band. Approval of animals' love of music, it is stated by persons who have lived in hot climates that a species of lizard will assemble in great numbers during musical performances, actually climbing upon the instruments to listen with apparent delight to the concert. From the unwearied perseverance and activity wherewith birds and insects construct their nests and habitations, may we not reasonably conclude that they derive actual pleasure from their work? We have noticed among caged birds that they will often, without any disturbance, pull their nests to pieces, and reconstruct them two or three times, as if really unwilling to discontinue their interesting occupation.

To those persons who, weary of the commonplace diversions of every-day life, seek for some fresh and interesting source of enjoyment, we cannot recommend any amusement more fascinating than that of observing and studying the amusements of animals.

R. A. C.

COST OF PAPER.—The following facts are supplied to me by a gentleman engaged in the paper trade. He is partner in a mill which has been erected and set to work since the repeal of the duty. His statement is this:—His mill is almost a new one. For the four months ending October 31st, 1863, he found that he made his paper at a cost of £87 per ton, and that did not pay. He did not complain; he joined in no agitation for the re-imposition of the paper duty; but he and his partners set themselves to work to see what could be done by improvement in the processes, and by the use of chemical agents, so essential in the manufacture of paper. In October, 1865, they produced paper, as I have said, at £87 a ton, and at the present moment they are producing at a cost of £29 a ton; and this gentleman declares that the article now produced is better than what he produced at £87 a ton.—*Mr. Gladstone's Budget Speech, 1864.*

WE read an English account of a Welsh church ceremony that "there was only one thing that marred the touching nature of the service, and that was the immense amount of expectation that was going forward all over the chapel. Even the minister, while preaching, was not careful to refrain from indulging in a habit that seemed to be so generally prevalent." Where's Dickens?



Mr. Newton, the Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture, has just issued a circular containing important information. He announces that no prepayment of postage is required in addressing small parcels, seeds, cuttings, &c., to his department. This franking privilege extends to all the departments, when communications are upon official business. Letters are addressed to the chief and principal officers.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## IDaho.

The usual rules were falling fast,  
As through a western village passed  
A youth, who bore a hickory pole,  
And even under his control,

Idaho!

His brow was glad, his eyes were bright,  
Nor to the left nor to the right  
He turned, but kept with steady course,  
And shouted 'till his voice was hoarse,

Idaho!

He left his happy home by night,  
And towards the left he took his flight:  
Above the moon in beauty shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,

Idaho!

You'd better stay, some old man said,  
You'll surely lose your wit or head—  
The stormy prairie's long and wide,  
But loud that headstrong youth replied,

Idaho!

Beware of swindlers, cheats and thieves,  
Beware of those who would deceive:  
This was the old man's last advice,  
To whom the youth said in a trice,

Idaho!

At length the barren plains he reached,  
His broad mind gone, his form well bleached;  
But still he groaned that fervent prayer,  
Which did not go far through the air,

Idaho!

A traveler on the Plains was found  
Flat as a pancake on the ground,  
Still clinging to his hickory pole—  
And on the ground could scarcely roll—

Idaho!

There by the diggings, cold and gray,  
Lifeless and penniless he lay;  
And could he speak, you'd hear him say—  
Hushaby!

## The "Dear Babies."

Conventionally, infancy is only another name for innocence. Practically, they are often wide as the poles asunder. Mothers, as a matter of course, will dispute this proposition; yet they know, in the depths of their affectionate hearts, that it is too true. A baby is a specimen of human nature uncontrolled by principle. It is a being of fierce instincts with no morals. Infant Nero and Caligula are as plenty as blackberries, but where will you find your sucking Howards. Produce your philanthropic baby. Show us a sample of the race that will not gouge. Do they not all seize us by the hair, and tug thereat, with exulting warwhoops, as if they longed to scalp us? Is it not necessary to keep their nails short, in order to avoid scarification? Are they not guilty of the most ferocious assaults upon the commensal where they derive their hourly rations. Has any baby ever been known to exhibit the slightest emotions of gratitude. Do they not murder our sleep, out of sheer malice, compelling parents to rise at the dead hour of night, and walk matches against time, until daylight? Is it not a common thing to see them become partially apoplectic with unbridled passion? And then look at their hypocritical doings. Do they not indulge in blood-curdling shrieks of seeming agony, and, when undressed in consequence of suspicion of pins, do they not kick up their heels and crew at the thought of having teased the mothers that bore them. It is all very well to say that

"Heaven is near us in our infancy," but the majority of parents know from bitter experience that it is quite the reverse. It is the opinion of observant persons, who have studied babies from a philosophical standpoint, that if their capacity for mischief were equal to their ferocity, they would soon exterminate the adults of the human family.

## The Disadvantages of Being Agreeable.

I was once what is called an agreeable man, and the consequences of enjoying such a reputation were as follows:

I was asked to be godfather forty-eight times, and my name is recorded on as many silver mugs—value each \$4 10s. 6d.

I gave away fifty-six brides, and as many dressing-cases.

I said "yes," when I ought to have said "no," six thousand five hundred and forty times.

I paid, in the course of fourteen years, £375 2s. 6d. for cab fares in excess of what I ought to have done.

I lent two hundred and sixty-four umbrellas, and never received them back again.

I gave up my stall at the opera when I wanted to use it myself, on an average, twenty-six times during the season.

I have had three hundred and odd colds, and retain a permanent rheumatism, from consenting to sit in draughts to oblige other people.

I have accepted two hundred and four accommodation bills for friends in government offices, and I am now going to Basinghall street to declare myself an insolvent, preparatory to my departure for Australia.—*English paper.*

WHAT SHE WANTED.—A young woman had been converted at a camp-meeting. The minister had told her that if she had faith, the Lord would give her whatever she would ask in prayer. Believing implicitly in his words, she one evening retired to a grove, and fervently prayed the Lord to give her a man. It so happened that an owl sat up in one of the trees, and being disturbed, gave out a who-o-o! She thought the Lord had heard her prayer, and only wished to know her choice. She was overjoyed, and with the greatest thankfulness of spirit, answered back, "Anybody, Lord, if it's a little man."

A NEW machine has been invented for printing cards de visite. It prints by a new process, without ink and without pressing or drying. It requires no special knowledge or material strength; a child can work the machine with ease. The portraits always remain clear and distinct; and the price of the cards is little more than that of postboard, as the machine does away with the cost of workmanship. The speed with which the machine can be worked is prodigious, throwing off no fewer than 100 per minute, with the clearest of lithographic impression. The name of the inventor is M. Le-lor, of Paris.



GRANDPA.—"Heyday! What makes my little darling so cross?"  
LITTLE DARLING.—"Why, grandpa, mamma wants me to go to bed at ten o'clock, while all the company are here, as if I was a mere child."

## Locusts as Food.

Various species of locusts have from the earliest times formed an article of diet. That the ancient Jews ate these insects is certain from the mention of four different kinds as allowable food by the law of Moses. "These ye may eat of every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet, to leap withal upon the earth; even these of them ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind." The last Hebrew term, rendered "beetle" in our English version, is certainly because all insects, excepting the *Saltatoria* or *Orthoptera*, were disallowed as food (see Lev. xi. 22, 23). Many people, even in modern days, are of opinion that the locusts which John the Baptist ate in the wilderness were not insects, but the long, sweet bean-like pods of the locust tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*), or *Solanum brodi*, "St. John's bread," as the Palestine monks still call this tree. But this is beyond all question an error; for the Greek word translated "locusts" in the authorized version of the New Testament, denotes the insect of that name, and has no other signification. Not Oriental nations alone, but Africans and Americans, use locusts as food at this very day. We learn from Diodorus Siculus and Strabo, that there formerly existed a people of Ethiopia, who are said to have lived entirely upon locusts, and who were called, from this circumstance, *Acridophagi*, i. e., locust-eaters. These men are described as having been a small, and lean race, with very black skins; they seldom lived beyond the age of forty. After they had taken a number of locusts, they sucked them, which is said to give them an excellent relish. Diodorus Siculus gives a curious account of a dreadful disease which is said to result from eating locusts; there may be some foundation for the story, though the fact is denied by Niebuhr. The Hottentots of Africa, according to the account given by Sparrman, make locust soup, of a brown coffee color, and of a greasy appearance, but very nutritious. Dr. Livingstone thought locusts superior to shrimps. Gordon Cumming says that these insects "afford fattening and wholesome food to man, birds, and all sorts of beasts, even cows and horses, lions, jackals, antelopes, elephants, &c., devouring them." Dr. Shaw ("Travels," p. 258) compares the flavor of locusts, sprinkled with salt and fried, to that of the river cray fish. "An Egyptian Arab," says Niebuhr ("Description de l'Arabie," p. 151), "whom we engaged to eat locusts in our presence, threw them upon burning coals, and when he thought them sufficiently grilled, he seized them by the long legs and the head, and made a mouthful of the rest. When the Arabs have procured a large quantity, they grill them, or dry them in an oven, or boil them and eat them with salt." A companion of M. Niebuhr, who tasted locusts, thought they resembled a sardine. In many parts of South America, as I have been informed by a Virginian lady, now in this country, locusts and large kinds of grasshoppers are eaten by the people, who, after plucking off the heads, wings, and legs, put them into a pan with a little salt, and parch them. Friends who have eaten them there, unwittingly at first, supposed them to be small nuts indigenous to the country, and even grieved to be deceived. The monks around Lebanon enjoy locusts as a dainty when dressed with olive oil. When the French first took possession of Algiers, they found exposed for sale in the markets a "pain de St. Jean" (St. John's bread), composed of locusts joined to a paste, and mixed with the flour of any grain. This is said to taste like oat-cake, but is crispier and more rich. And to come nearer home, I may state that a brother-in-law of mine, who has lately returned from China, has eaten locusts. The mode of cooking is simply to fry them in a pan with a little salt and butter; he says they are very insipid. John the Baptist, probably, merely dried his locusts in the sun. Can any one now doubt that veritable insects formed the food of the Baptist? Why should not locusts be eaten by those nations among whom different kinds occur, just as Englishmen eat shrimps or lobsters, and the French frog's legs or snails? Well has Kirby and Spence remarked, "How apt even learned men are to perplex a plain question, from ignorance of the customs of other countries!"

A lady asked a pupil at a national school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, mules," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Breaking Kicking Cows.

There is nothing easier than for an animal to be impressed with the idea of cause and effect. The farmer who calls his pigs to dinner, associates in their minds that call and a fine meal. The shepherd teaches his whole flock to come at his word for the salt or meal which he gives them, and so in a hundred other instances. If cause and effect may thus be pleasantly connected together, it may be also in the paying of penalty. This brings me to my mode of treating kicking cows. I first place them in a small yard, and make myself familiar to them, if they are at all wild, by stroking them or feeding them small morsels. This may be continued for some time if necessary. I then commence milking, placing a switch under my left arm, and the pail in my left hand, so as to evade any kick. My great principle is, never to strike but once at a time, no matter what the provocation may be, and always to keep perfectly cool. A single stroke always produces terror but not excitement, and so, therefore, infinitely more dreaded than a storm of blows, which induces a reaction.

When I commence milking, if the animal kicks or attempts to kick, the whip is quickly withdrawn from under the left arm by the right or milking hand, and a single cut is applied to the back of the animal. If she starts to run, another single cut across the face brings her to a standstill. I am especially careful never to strike but once, and the whip is immediately returned to the left arm. The animal is stroked or soothed in a firm pleasant voice, and the milking recommenced. Every repetition of the offence or attempt at the offence, is treated in precisely the same way. It is surprising to one that has not tried this mode, what a short time is required for the animal to understand exactly what is meant. The kick is always sure to be followed by the single dreaded blow, and the animal soon comes to understand that it is undesirable to repeat it. I once met with a cow remarkable for the large quantity of rich, excellent milk which she gave, that was a furious kicker. Very few persons could endure her bad habits, and she had been sold from owner to owner at successively diminished prices. I told her last owner that I could easily cure her; the remark, of course, was received with perfect incredulity. The treatment I have described was given—at the first milking there were some pretty sharp blows from her head, which were dexterously evaded, and the single stroke of the whip given invariably in every instance. Before the milking was completed, they had become much less frequent. At the second milking, the animal kicked only twice—and the third none at all—in other words, she was cured, and in two hours—only one-third the time in which certain advertising pretenders offer to teach the French language. Before the operation, this cow was a terror to the milker—her legs were strongly strapped together, a man stood at her head, and the milker worked with a constant fear of some war-like demonstration. Now, she became mild and gentle, never stirred a foot, and with half-closed eyes continued to chew her cud as long as the milking was going on—and she secured herself entirely satisfied with the change that had come over her.

I never found but one cow that I could not entirely break of kicking—and this was an animal of extraordinary shrewdness, who, seeing my firm and prepared manner, would never kick while I had her in hand, although treating every other person with warlike demonstrations. If men who manage domestic animals, would exercise a moment's reflection, they would see that their irregular, random and passionate treatment could do nothing else than make them worse. They must adopt a kind, firm, self-controlled manner, and a complete system, faithfully carried out, to produce the desired results.—*Country Gentleman.*

## Varieties of Clover.

We condense from the *Grass Farmer* the following description, by Levi Bartlett, of several varieties of clover:

THE PEA VINE CLOVER.—This variety of clover, tree-like, sends off from each stem numerous branches or limbs, each producing one or more heads, which I think is not the case with other kinds of clover. It ripens some weeks later than the western, and may be safely left still timothy or herds grass is fit to cut. It retains its hold in the ground much longer than any of the other varieties cultivated here. It has a much longer and larger root than the western,

giving a much larger yield of forage; therefore it is generally the better kind for "ploughing under, as a grass crop to enrich" the land than the smaller kinds of clover. A few years since I sowed the seed of this variety in the spring—a part with spring wheat and a part with oats. The next season I had a prodigious growth of forage—estimated at three tons per acre. There was not much diminution in the amount of clover the third season it was cut. It was mown when in the blossom, cured in cock, and was freely eaten by horses, cattle and sheep. They, however, if kept upon it for several days in succession, would reject the large stems, causing some waste. To make the most of such coarse forage, it should be run through the hay-cutter. I saved samples which were over five feet in length.

WESTERN CLOVER.—This, on good land, grows sufficiently large for forage, and in favorable seasons gives two good crops—the first for fodder, the second for fodder or seed. This is generally preferred by our farmers. The large variety gives but a small aftergrowth; therefore, if seed is wanted, it must be obtained from the first crop.

SOUTHERN CLOVER.—This variety is short and fine, being a capital winter fodder for sheep, milch-cows, and young cattle; but the yield is light, and our farmers will not sow it, unless they get cheated into it, as is sometimes the case when they buy it, supposing it to be the western. The next season, however, tells the true story, by the short clover and fall scolding of the hunched farmer.

FRENCH, OR LUCERNE CLOVER.—It takes some three years for the plants to get their full growth, and during this long time the June and other tough-rooted grasses overpower the Lucerne, and it becomes nearly exterminated. The only way it can be successfully grown here is on ground uncommonly clear of weeds, and enriched with manure in which there are no seeds of either weeds or grass.

SWEDISH OR ALSIKE CLOVER.—This seems to be a hybrid, between the common red and white clover or honey-suckle. Several years ago I sowed a few rods of land with this kind of seed. I sowed it too thin, thereby giving room for the growth of other grasses. However, for about three years it did well, but eventually the other grasses nearly rooted it out. The stems are small, yielding a large amount of branches, leaves and blossoms, producing a large amount of honey for bees; and for winter feed for sheep I think no better forage plant can be grown. This kind of clover has been largely grown by some Canadian farmers, and highly spoken of by them.

GALLS ON THE BACKS OF HORSES.—It is said that an ointment made of white lead and milk will greatly soothe and heal galls on horses, occasioned, as they frequently are, by a harness that does not fit, or from some other cause. In cases of long standing, it will be necessary to repeat the application daily for a week or more, gently rubbing and stirring the blood about the injured parts. Care must also be observed not to cause fresh irritation by riding or otherwise exciting the wounds.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A WHOLESOME DRINK.—The excessive use of cold water during the sweating heat of summer often results in serious and alarming illness. It is therefore advisable that some beverage should be substituted for it, of which those oppressed can partake with safety. For this purpose we are aware of no better or more refreshing drink than the following: Take the best white Jamaica ginger root, carefully bruised, 2 ounces; cream tartar, 3 ounces; water, 6 quarts; to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained. To the strained liquor add 1 pound of sugar, and again place it over the fire. Keep it well stirred till the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthen vessel, into which you have previously put 3 drachms of tartaric acid and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a lukewarm temperature; then add a tablespoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, and bottle for use. This is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results, even in the hottest weather.

HOW TO HAVE SUMMER FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Gather the flowers on a dry day, and before they are fully spread in bloom. To preserve them you need a shiny-lined jar of earthenware, whatever size you will; but let the size be as it may, you must quite fill it. Then sprinkle with good claret or other light wine in which a little salt is mingled. Tie up your vase or jar carefully, and deposit in some safe cellar. You have no more to do but take out your flowers when you will, set them by the fire—and behold, presto—blossom, life, perfume! Two hundred years ago you might have expired at the stake as a witch, now you are only the astonisher of delighted and admiring friends.—G. C. C.

CHEESECAKE TO KEEP A YEAR.—Take 1 pound of loaf sugar, 6 eggs well beaten, the juice of 3 fine lemons, the grated rind of 2, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is as thick as honey. Put it into a jar, and you will have it always at hand for making cheesecakes, as it will last good a year.

CIDER VINEGAR.—Take the water in which dried apples have been soaked and washed, strain it well, and add a pound of sugar.

TO MAKE CLEAR COFFEE.—Stir one egg into half a pound of ground coffee, and set away for use as required. No further substance for setting will be needed, and the egg tends to preserve the aroma.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Add two ounces of butter and a little salt to a pint of boiled milk; while tepid, sift in one pound of flour, one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of yeast; beat these all together well; when risen, form the rolls with as little handling as possible. Bake on tin.

TO PREVENT DRIED FRUIT FROM WORKING.—It is said that dried fruit put away with a little sawdust or bark (say a large handful to a bushel) will keep for years, unmolested by those troublesome insects, which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a season. The remedy is cheap and simple.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

## THE RIZZLER.

## Miscellaneous Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 75 letters.

My 24, 35, 1, 29, 17, 34, 28, 29, 25, is a kind of lottery.

My 50, 45, 20, 41, 2, 42, is something every person possesses in their lifetime.

My 1, 29, 11, 4, 2, 25, is sometimes a country, again an article of food.

My 30, 31, 22, 23, 45, is a gift of nature that we can neither purchase or barter.

My 45, 28, 5, 24, 49, is extremely painful to part with, yet we pay to get rid of.

My 40, 29, 29, 74, 6, 20, 5, 50, 23, is a certain kind of sea, said to be indulged in by the ladies.

My 30, 4, 45, 52, 26, 28, 26, 6, is a hideous object, yet considered indispensable by the fair sex.

My 30, 32, 10, 28, 35, 18, is by some idolized, by others termed a nuisance.

My 9, 74, 43, 67, 52, 18, is a useless article without a bow.

My 18, 48, 16, 30, is sometimes agreeable, again distressing, yet always sought for.

My 2, 31, 30, 47, is a favorite boarding-house dish.

My 35, 31, 70, 14, 17, 75, 72, is considered a pleasure by some, by others a crime.

My 63, 71, 23, 42, is a rod of correction, or a support for the infirm.

My 14, 28, 44, 30, 74, 54, 20, are relatives that our Irish help possess in numbers.

My 64, 73, 59, 66, is a part of the human body, often given to another.

My 21, 17, 65, 28, 69, is some one considered particularly fascinating.

My 37, 8, 29, 30, 1, 53, 14, 67, 2, is an article cultivated with great care by gentlemen.

My 19, 68, 30, 65, is an article of clothing, and indispensable to a fire engine.

My 12, 40, 27, 15, is sometimes in the head, again the tooth, ear, and even the heart.

My 6, 68, 20, 30, 38, 13, 20, 18, is relished sometimes by the wisest men.

My whole is a brilliant military exploit, described by an ancient celebrated poetess.

Salem, Mass. M. J. C.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 2, 6, 8, 5, 6, 12, is to decrease.

My 3, 6, 7, is a sign of affirmation.

My 10, 1, 4, 6, is a stratagem.

My 13, 11, 4, 13, 6, is what everything has.

My 10, 6, 4, 13, is what everybody needs.

My 9, 3, 10, 11, 13, 6, is to revolve rapidly.

My whole is the name of a very popular Union Major-General.

Chelsea, Mass. J. B. BRIGGS.

## Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, the herald of much ill,

Is oft a warning given

To many running fashion's race,

To fit themselves for Heaven.

My second is well known in law,

And all can understand.

My whole, a berry and a drink;

Is used throughout the land.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

## Riddle.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in stand, but not in lie.

My second is in great, but not in high.

My third is in gate, but not in bar.

My fourth is in pitch, but not in tar.

My fifth is in hand, but not in face.

My sixth is in spend, but not in waste.

My seventh is in not, but not in got.

My eighth is in decay, but not in rot.

My ninth is in force, but not in speed.

My tenth is in tow, but not in need.

My eleventh is in horse, but not in plough.

My twelfth is in fight, but not in row.

My thirteenth is in ridge, but not in mound.

My fourteenth is in river, but not in sound.

The death of my whole was universally lamented by the musical world.

Albany Co., Pa. H. P. WESTLEY.

## Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose there is cut through the centre of a sphere 20 inches in diameter, a square pyramidal hole whose opposite sides are inclined to each other in an angle of 30 degrees, and just so large that a section of the hole passing through the centre of the sphere, and perpendicular to the axis of the pyramidal hole, shall be 19 inches square. Required, the number of cubic inches taken from the sphere?

Clinton Co., Ohio. DAVID WICKERSHAM.

An answer is requested.

## Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is desired to divide the number 24 so that the continual product of all its parts may be a maximum. Required, the number of parts, and the value of each part?

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

Ans.—What is it that always makes man mean?

Ans.—The letter E.

What celebrated romance of seven letters can be expressed with four? Ans.—R. K. D. A.

What gentlemen's garments beheaded become grain? Ans.—Coats, oats.

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten? Ans.—It is out of the head.

## Answers to Last.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Virginia F. Townsend.

CHARADE.—Mad-a-gas-car. RIDDLE.—Washington.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, published June 4th.—16 and 64. J. N. Soder, Morgan Stevens, and the author.

"Confusion to the man," as the carpenter said, "who first invented working by candle light." "Ay, or by daylight either," rejoined his apprentice.